6 May 1977 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

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Teeth 'n' Smiles

After the proverbial 100 days in office, President Carter remains a somewhat mysterious figure. He is against sin, and his one widely discussed initiative has been to declare himself against tyranny (at least, communist tyranny); but no one knows what he hopes to do about them, or about any other problem for that matter. Few signs of fresh thinking, or indeed thinking, could be detected among the platitudes and clichés which filled his two monumentally boring interviews this week with European correspondents (one on *Panorama* and one in *The Times*). His modesty is a pleasing trait when one recalls the megalomania of some of his predecessors, but it may be that he has plenty to be modest about. We ought not to discount the possibility that greatness is yet to be revealed. However, there's also the possibility that Jimmy Carter's abilities are sufficient for a capable peanut farmer and an average Governor of Georgia, and no more should be expected of him.

The economic problems of the capitalist two-thirds of the world are extremely serious, and are unlikely to be resolved by the processes of 'each nation doing what it finds advisable', which Mr Carter seemed in his interviews to regard with benevolence. A sobering OECD analysis published this week forecasts growth rates for 1977 lower than the hitherto accepted targets: 4 instead of 5 per cent for developed countries as a whole, 5½ instead of 6½ per cent for Japan, again 4 instead of 5 per cent for West Germany. For Britain the figure may be 1 per cent instead of the 1½ predicted by Mr Healey. Given that re-equipment and technological progress generate some 'automatic' growth, low overall figures imply stagnation or actual contraction in certain industries and persistent or even rising unemployment. In fact, the OECD expects unemployment in EEC countries to increase this year from 5½ to 6 million. Meanwhile, inflation has by no means been conquered; the OECD analysts regard our Chancellor's optimistic proje[illegible] quite fallacious. To sum up, the recession th[illegible]972 has proved to be as intractable as the [illegible] of the 1930s.

This is a troubling picture for citizens – and governments – of the developed countries, accustomed until recently to count on an indefinite advance of living standards. It is much worse for the peoples of the Third World, always the real sufferers from a diminution in world trade, from shortages or high prices of manufactured goods and vital capital equipment, and from soaring energy costs. Some phrases in the *Panorama* interview showed that Mr Carter is concerned about their plight. But it is in the sphere of what are now called North-South relationships, above all, that no reliance can be placed on automatic processes; that hope deferred does indeed make the heart sick; that active measures are urgent.

Disappointingly, Mr Carter seems satisfied with the state of affairs in his own country, whose economic health, of course, exerts a vast influence on the rest of the world. The US growth rate has recovered from the trough and the 1977 achievement may well be (uniquely) on target. But unemployment, at 7½ per cent of the labour force, remains the highest in any major industrial nation. In regard to the economy, the President is showing himself to be extremely cautious. His cabinet appointments have been made from the most orthodox circles. His proposals for 'stimulus' and for tax cuts have been far more limited than most Americans expected from the tone of his election campaign. Conservation of energy, certainly a worthy and necessary purpose, appears to preoccupy him to the exclusion of any other objective.

It looks like being a good summit, therefore, for the German and Japanese, who have (unlike the US) a payments surplus and who until lately feared American pressure to expand their economies. It may well be a good summit in strictly political terms for Mr Callaghan, who can only benefit from general expressions of good feeling and an impression that all are doing their best to deal with complex global problems. Whether the weekend will confer any solid benefit on the millions who bear the brunt of the recession we very much doubt.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Whither the Liberals?

One of the good things about the Ashfield by-election is that it relieves us of the duty to read any more of David Marquand's *Ramsay Macdonald*. How far did you get? I'm on page 138, far enough to be able to pronounce the book quite the dullest thing I've ever read in my life. There is a story of an Italian felon who was given a choice – either he went to the galleys or he was to read Guicciardini's *History*. He chose Guicciardini, but the section on the war with Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and took up the oar instead.

This sums up my feelings about Marquand. I know his book was respectfully reviewed – it is much safer, if one hasn't read a book, to give it a respectful notice – and that it is considered a serious contribution to Labour history. But the word serious can only be used here in the vulgar sense of unsmiling. There are indeed a lot of people who consider that, if they are being bored to death, they are engaged in a serious activity. But to say this is merely to demote seriousness. Professor G. W. Jones's inaugural lecture at LSE last week, on the subject 'Responsibility and Government', was very dull. That does not make it serious. Indeed, there is a certain irresponsibility in one who detains a large and busy audience for so long, with so many platitudes. As for Marquand, his 'seriousness' consists of a contempt for the reader: he leads one off on an aimless, plodding stroll, without bothering to tell one where one is going, or why. One expects a guide not only to know the terrain, but also to choose good roads and perhaps even a few short cuts. To behave as Marquand does seems to me to be the very depth of frivolity.

And what, may we ask, became of that bright, some said brilliant, young politician, so shamefully neglected by Wilson all those years? Huh? First he announces that he's off to Europe to accept an important piece of patronage from Uncle Roy. But Europe appears to have been forewarned (perhaps they saw a proof of *Ramsay Mac*), and the deal fails to come off. So he hangs around, wondering what to do, until a slightly less grand offer is made. By now, his constituency is thoroughly fed up. Nor does this MP, who used to refer to his constituency work as the most rewarding aspect of his political life, appear to have left a particularly active local party behind him. Meanwhile Transport House asked Marquand for about 40 words in recommendation of his prospective successor, to be printed with the election address. The message was urgently needed, but I gather that it took him two weeks to compose it – a slower rate, even, than that of his work as a biographer.

Enough of this. Let us turn, after pausing for a moment to congratulate the victor of Grimsby on having confounded our pessimism, to the Liberals. Are the recent by-election results to be taken as a comment on the Liberal leadership? Are they freakish? (The results, I mean.) Or are they part of a trend? There are those who would ring a tocsin for the whole Liberal party: Steel has been trapped, they say, and whatever he does now his party is going to be destroyed – if he ditches the Government in autumn, he loses, and he loses if he keeps them going for a full term. He is like the Mannerist painter who went around wearing a doublet made from the flayed skin of a hanged man. On the other hand, there are also those who would say, as one Liberal MP put it to me this week, that these results 'are no more than a hiccup in the overall graph of our decline – um, I mean recovery'. There is certainly *something* to be said for the latter point of view. How much, though, depends on whether you think that there really is such a thing as a Liberal section of society, or whether the Liberal vote is merely an expression of political volatility, disillusionment, abstention. Obviously no Liberal doubts the reality of a Liberal section of society. What, then, do things look like to a Liberal?

From the point of view, for instance, of David Steel who, on Wednesday morning, woke to find that for the first time the Liberals had gained control of Inverclyde, had gained 15 and lost only three seats overall in the Scottish local elections, and had even succeeded (for the first time Steel could remember) in getting a Glasgow seat. Clearly he does not feel too badly about the whole situation, particularly since in his view Scottish local politics have not traditionally been one of his party's strengths. The results are not enough to make him forget Ashfield and Grimsby, but they make a pleasant start to a long day's work. We may imagine him smiling into his porridge. It is true, of course, that bad by-elections are depressing, but these things have happened in the past often enough. Steel was arguing this point last weekend, and making a comparison between Grimsby and the Hull North by-election of 1966. 'That's a good line, Steel,' said Jo Grimond, 'we've done disastrously in the past, we're doing disastrously now, and by God we'll do disastrously in the future!'

Steel is well aware of the dangers of being linked to this Government: he argued before making the deal that it would be unpopular at first, but that the Liberals might expect to do well out of it when, but only when, they were seen to have achieved something. So far they have achieved nothing. Naturally they are disappointed. By Steel's calculations the Liberals have now saved the Government four times, and they are therefore entitled to say – what do we get in return? Steel is annoyed that, after his men took the flak over their support for the Budget resolutions, and made their future position quite clear on the question of petrol tax, giving the Treasury plenty of time to adjust its calculations and find alternative sources of revenue, and indeed after they had allowed the Government to gather one third of the petrol tax anyway – after all this, no compromise has been made. And so, while the Government is pressing the Liberals to begin talking about the terms of the removal of the deal at the end of this session, Steel is saying that there is no point talking about a new deal until the present one is made to work. Part of the deal, of course, is that the Government should introduce legislation on direct elections to the European Assembly, and should have a free vote on the method of election (but it is not stipulated that the legislation be passed in this session, only introduced).

However, they are unlikely to do so. In which case, they've got to give Steel *something*. The petrol tax is important to the Liberals because of their rural vote, but also because it is something that they can show to the *electorate* as an achievement. Other goodies in the deal, for instance PR in the direct elections, are the sort of thing that party members are interested in, but which have no great public appeal. But the party members also are an important counter in Steel's negotiations – he says to Callaghan, 'You have to give me something for which I can unite my party. It is worse than useless if my party is divided, and if I can't therefore absolutely rely on the support of my MPs.' This is true. The most difficult task Steel has been facing is that of inculcating some of the sense of cabinet responsibility into his team. The trouble is, it's much as if every member of the PLP were in the cabinet. Since everyone is a spokesman, nobody can really be sacked, or re-shuffled, or demoted.

As for the party at large, it seems to have taken the deal well. Some individuals have torn up their membership cards, but no associations have yet passed resolutions critical of the leadership. The Liberals are still keen on the deal, and this is a considerable advantage for Steel. Indeed, now is hardly the time to ring that tocsin. Saffron Walden (the by-election – not, as some people have assumed, another of Brian Walden's wives) may [illegible] be a bitter disappointment. But the [illegible]ve not yet written themselve[illegible] Not, as Steel sometimes su[illegible]

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 93 No 2407
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1977
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

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By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

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Mary Holland

The Ulster Strike

For the first 24 hours of Ulster's new general strike the most hotly debated question was 'what is intimidation?' Is it the massive bulk of the Rev. Ian Paisley on a peaceful picket line outside your factory or a brick smashing through the windscreen of the bus you're driving, and on which early morning shift workers are travelling hopefully to work? Is it somebody coming into your shop and asking politely if you'd please close tomorrow, or somebody's friend arriving masked with a gun to say that you'd better close tomorrow or else? Does intimidation consist in a stranger walking around the firm's car park ostentatiously taking down the registration numbers of all the cars, or a phone call suggesting that your workers may be in danger because you won't close your factory, or the apparently friendly suggestion of a neighbour that you are letting Northern Ireland down by insisting on staying open?

By the end of the first day it was clear that a substantial number of people in Northern Ireland felt that however intimidation was described they could recognise it when they saw it. The day before the strike started a poll conducted for the BBC showed that 78 per cent of people interviewed disapproved of it, 67 per cent doing so 'strongly'. On Tuesday many of these people went to work, opened their shops, sent their children to school and generally responded, with considerable courage in the case of Protestants, to the call of all politicians in the province to show that they rejected a disruption which could have cataclysmic political repercussions for Northern Ireland. The Secretary of State, Roy Mason, had promised them that the bully boy tactics of the intimidators would be resisted and that full support would be given to all efforts to keep industry and commerce operating. Yet gradually people felt more and more isolated and frightened because the protection they had been promised simply had not turned out to be there.

Such people had based their hopes of coming safely through the current crisis on Mr Mason's famous bluff, straight-talking, no-nonsense style of conducting politics. Though he has lacked Merlyn Rees's agonised sensitivity to the complexities of Ulster's sectarian divisions, Mr Mason has built for himself in the months that he has been here a reputation as a rock of stubborn commonsense and this was immensely reassuring as the strike threat loomed. Here it was felt was a British politician who would take some bellicose pleasure in out-bullying the bullies, talking down the ranters, calling Paisley's bluff and would be applauded by all shades of politicians for doing so. It wasn't that simple, of course. Any confrontation between the strikers and the security forces would carry in its wake the risk of Mr Mason being accused of being tougher with Loyalists than with the Provisional IRA. Against that, the failure to be seen to square up to the strike's roaming bully boys in the opening days could start a failure of confidence in the community as a whole and lead to a domino process of shut down factories, closed shops and people staying away from work.

Not the least bitter irony of the present situation is that Mr Mason appears to have abandoned his own insensitive pragmatic instincts in dealing with Ulster just at the moment they might have stood him in good stead in facing up to the dangers of the strike immediately and decisively. He had been widely lectured, for example, by the press and politicians that the one thing that

'How!'

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would be likely to swing the Protestant community behind the strikers would be to use the army, either to guarantee essential services like power or on the streets against demonstrators blocking traffic and so on. Paisley had already indicated the line of attack to be expected when he fulminated at extra troops being flown in to deal with decent Protestants when a request for soldiers had been refused earlier on security grounds.

But with the army apparently ruled out the decision was taken that the maintenance of law and order, the protection of people's right to work and of their lives and properties should be left to the police. Even a few days before the strike it seemed like a step with much to commend it. The RUC would be more acceptable to the Protestant community than the presence of troops, and once the strike was over there would be a massive political bonus if the police had been seen to deal firmly with Loyalist thugs. There was a small anxiety that they might be reluctant to move forcefully against Protestants in Protestant areas if the mood was against them. But this anxiety was overruled. In the event the police either could not or would not take the necessary action in the opening days of the strike to stop intimidation and to build up public confidence in their determination not to allow it to happen.

In some essential areas, like the Shankhill Road, they were simply not to be seen on the first day of the strike. In others they were present and acted quite correctly but seemed reluctant to take any steps which might cause an incident between themselves and threatening gangs of Protestant youths. It may have been that they did not want to provide amunition for further raving by Dr Paisley or, as Mr Mason said, that they did not want to smirch their new civilised image by being involved in violence. But whatever the reasons they were certainly less than effective in protecting people when, for example, they succeeded in rescuing a bus from a mob blocking a road, but only after its tyres had been deflated and its driver and passengers frightened away.

Nor was it exactly reassuring to learn that in one area of Belfast the police accompanied members of the UDA when they visited shops to ask them to close the next day. There's no reason to doubt the police's explanation that they went along to ensure that no one was threatened, but the sight of a UDA man coming in with a policeman cannot have been calculated to instil confidence into many already frightened small shopkeepers.

By the end of the first day the organisers of the strike could claim with some jubilation that they had made as much progress in their aim of shutting down the province as during the first six days of the Ulster workers' strike in 1974. Barring some dramatic action by Mr Mason, sending in the army to arrest people blocking roads, for example, it was difficult to see how the lost ground could be recovered and the threat presented by Dr Paisely and his supporters resisted.

If the strike does succeed, and at the time of writing it is still too early to predict with any certainty, then the political challenge facing the British Government will be more stark than at any time since the beginning of the present troubles. For this strike is in essence what the Northern Irish problem has been about since the formation of the state in 1920. The demand for Protestant power in a Protestant province, and the failure of successive British governments to square up to the brutal reality of that demand.

The Rev. Ian Paisley and his paramilitary supporters have asked for stronger security measures to be taken against the IRA and that the Convention report, which demands a devolved government based on majority rule be implemented. Mr Mason has rejected these demands forcefully. On the security front he argues, and the army and the police back him up, that his policies are working, that all the statistics of violence are down and that terrorists are being caught and charged in ever increasing numbers.

He knows that the security forces agree that more spectacular measures of the go-in-with-guns-blasting-and-root-them-out variety would be simply counter-productive in losing the ground so painfully won in recent months of gaining confidence within the Catholic community. As for majority government at Stormont, the British Government has said again and again, and anyone who is anyone has agreed with them, that this cannot be.

But then, less than a week ago, the British Government promised that the bully boys would be resisted in Northern Ireland, that the community need not fear coercion and that the 78 per cent of people who opposed this strike would be protected when they went about their business of earning a living. There is still time for these promises to be made good, but it is running out. After the experience of the past few days the promises of British ministers seem worth even less than usual in Northern Ireland.

Belfast

William Chislett

The Resurrection of Franco

General Franco can rest assured in his tomb at the Valley of the Fallen civil war monument that he will be truly represented in the June general elections for the Alianza Popular is mounting an 'Operation Lazarus' designed to resurrect what they can of Francoism. The old Generalisimo cannot be revived (the Spanish joke that he would rise on the third day was long ago disproved) but his former ministers are coming back in their droves. At least 17 ministers have decided that they will stand for the Alianza of Manuel Fraga, Franco's Information and Tourism minister for seven years and the Interior Minister of King Juan Carlos's first government.

The general election, Spain's first in 41 years, is just over a fortnight away, and the Alianza is going all out to persuade the upholders of the régime that it is their duty to stand and save the country from 'communism and pornography' – the two greatest enemies in the words of Fraga. Back from ten months retirement 'for the love of Spain and in service to the King' have come such diehards as Carlos Arias, the King's first prime minister (and Franco's last), who will head the Alianza's list of candidates in Madrid for the Senate.

Arias, who was sacked by the King last July for moving the country towards democracy at a snail's pace (the King allegedly said he was an 'unmitigated disaster'), will now, along with his colleagues, experience the novelty of being elected for the first time in his life. Arias, 69, believes in democracy about as much as Franco did. He was public prosecutor in Malaga during the civil war after it was quickly and ruthlessly taken by the Nationalists; head of the police during one of the blackest periods of the dictatorship; mayor of Madrid, and later successor to Admiral Carrero Blanco after he was assassinated in 1973. While Arias was Prime Minister he had the telephones of his colleagues tapped and listened to their conversations every morning. When Franco died, Arias went on television and told the nation: 'It is certain that Franco, who for so many years was our Caudillo, is now no longer among us; but he has left us his work, his example remains.' He later wept and now regularly visits his tomb.

Other ministers in the Alianza include José Solis, who was head of the National Movement, the régime's only political organisation. Franco's nephew Nicolas will stand in La Corunna, his uncle's home province, and many administration officials have

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resigned to run as candidates. The disbanding of the Movement and the legalisation of the Spanish Communist Party were the final straws for the Alianza. Few doubted when it was formed last autumn that it was neo-Francoist. With 'the return of the witches', as the Spanish press has labelled the operation, the Alianza has proclaimed its true allegiance. Indeed, when listening to their ministers speaking, it is often hard to believe that Franco is dead. Fraga's rhetoric, particularly, sounds like the hysteria whipped up after the civil war. For him the legalisation of the Communist Party was a 'real coup d'état which has transformed reform into rupture'. Fraga is barnstorming the country with slogans like 'the Communists want to turn churches into garages'. Meetings are punctuated with shouts of 'Franco, Franco' and ominously 'Fraga, Fraga'. Fraga calls the Alianza the 'real Centre' in Spain.

The elections have acted as the catalyst for the fragmentation which many people feared would take place in post-Franco Spain. No fewer than 139 political parties have been legalised by the Suares government. This incredibly high number is the natural consequence of relative political freedom, although some of it is due to the personality problems that sadly plague the Left in Spain. The latest opinion poll reveals, to few people's surprise, that 49 per cent of the electorate is undecided as to which party to vote for. Alianza is cashing in on the uncertainty and the multiplicity of political parties by playing on the easily aroused emotions of the urban middle class, who fear change, or equate it with revolution. It is also dangerously appealing to the wounded sense of honour of the armed forces. In the rural areas, where the level of political education is low, and where the Movement still wields influence, the Alianza will be a powerful vote-catcher. The Alianza's faces are well known on village television screens.

The electoral battle is like the match between Goliath and David with the Alianza as the giant, towering over everyone and putting the fear of God into them and Prime Minister Suares cast in the role of David. Suares, the youngest Prime Minister in Europe, is proving himself, against all the predictions made when he was appointed, to be a genuine democrat. What he has achieved in ten months is quite remarkable, given the opposition he faces on all sides. Ironically, and one could argue undemocratically, as Prime Minister he is the only holder of high office in the country who does not have to resign in order to stand in the elections. Nevertheless, with the King's backing, he has thrown his support to the non-Francoist forces of Democratic Centre, a coalition of liberals, social democrats and conservatives, and has even arranged to run in the election himself in order to avoid polarisation and to deal a mortal blow to the Alianza. For there are few doubts as to what will happen if the Alianza wins and just how constitutional the next Cortes will be. Santiago Carrillo, the communist leader, said that if Fraga wins he will make Pinochet 'pale with envy'. The clock may not be put back that far, but Franco certainly will not feel that 'democracy' has left him behind.

Madrid

Robin Cook

ABC of the Special Branch

Last February the Special Branch arrested two journalists, Duncan Campbell and Crispin Aubrey, together with John Berry, who *seven years ago* held the sensitive post of corporal. No decision has yet been announced by the Attorney-General as to whether he has sufficient evidence to sanction their prosecution under the notorious section of the Official Secrets Act, which makes it an offence to divulge or discover government information unless authorised to do so by the government itself. However, their case has already provided the public with sufficient evidence about the conduct and motivation of the security services to warrant the gravest concern.

Immediately after their arrest the trio were held for 45 hours before being charged, but throughout that weekend none of them was questioned for longer than half-an-hour. The reason for their detention was not to help police with their inquiries, but to keep them out of the way while the Special Branch raided their homes. This the Branch did with special rigour in the case of Duncan Campbell, whom they subsequently presented with a list containing 70 headings of private papers and publications which they had confiscated, including such well-known works as Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, richly ironic choices since both have helped shape Western perceptions of Soviet Stalinism. Item 1 of the list is 'One four-drawer steel filing cabinet containing misc. correspondence and documents', and later entries maintain this systematic approach: '11 box files containing misc. documents'; Brown holdal [*sic*] containing twelve files'; 'Waste paper bin *containing rubbish*' [my emphasis]; and even the surrealist Item 25 'Ten empty folders'. On his release Duncan Campbell found his flat had been looted of every scrap of private and professional papers.

Eleven weeks later barely one in seven of these files have been returned, although the waste paper bin has been restored, complete even with the three apple cores which it had contained at the time of abduction. Last week counsel for the DPP requested the court for a further six weeks' remand because 'there were some thousands of documents to be sorted out'. Yet none of these 'thousands of documents' has the remotest connection with the charges which arise out of the interview with John Berry whom Campbell had never met before and with whom he has held no correspondence. Why then are the Special Branch so interested in his papers?

The first explanation is that the Branch is seizing the opportunity to update the registry which it maintains on radicals. This would involve enrolling Campbell's correspondence in their card index, which is now nearly 3 million strong, and cross-indexing those of his correspondents who have already been honoured with an entry in order to establish 'friendship networks'. The use of court proceedings as a cover for such intelligence gathering is a time-honoured method of the Special Branch, but in the case of Duncan Campbell the technique is especially unprincipled since it neatly circumvents the obligation of a journalist not to reveal confidential sources. There is, for example, the disconcerting case of the public relations official in a nationalised industry who has been visited by its own security service following a tip-off from the Special Branch that someone like him is referred to in Campbell's contacts list.

A second, and more brutally simple, explanation is that the Branch are out to harass Mr Campbell to discourage the kind of investigative journalism which he represents. By sequestering all his files for three months they have prevented him pursuing his profession as a journalist, and have provoked the collapse of his promising electronics business which was developing an innocuous probe to detect blockages in local authority sewers. Even if he is acquitted – indeed even though the Attorney-General has yet to decide whether he has a case to answer – he has already been caused substantial financial loss.

Then there are the random calls on those who are represented, however tenuously, in his correspondence. In March an old friend whom he had not met for two years was visited at home by two Special Branch officers who produced a photocopy of the last Christmas card he had sent to Duncan and asked if he would identify it. Such behaviour is so studiedly irrational as to be frightening and can only be intended to intimidate.

However it would be unfair to single out the Special Branch simply because they have to 'front' for all the security services. It is quite clear from their conduct of the arrests (most notably the inability of one of their drivers to find Muswell Hill Police Station until helped by his suspect) that the case had only recently been passed to them, presumably by MI5, who have no power of their own to effect an arrest. Yet how did MI5 learn of a meeting which had been arranged the same day and was known to only two other people?

The answer may lie in a number of intriguing incidents which over the preceding fortnight befell members of the Agee-Hosenball Defence Committee with whom each of the three had been in contact. On the same evening the flats of both the chairman of the committee and his girlfriend were entered by a prowler who had his own key but removed no valuables. On two occasions the car of the treasurer was burgled and the accounts of the committee were removed by a thief who showed the same curious lack of interest in filthy lucre and even took the trouble to return her personal cheque book complete with cheque-

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card by handing it in at another branch. The address books of two members of the committee and of Agee's solicitor have disappeared. Finally on the same weekend as the arrest, *Time Out* and the NCCL, whose offices had been regularly used by the Defence Committee, were tipped off by a sympathetic Post Office engineer that taps had been placed on their phones.

Just how regularly the security services employ phone taps we cannot know since the Home Office consistently refuses to tell any MP who is impertinent enough to ask. The latest figures are those published as an appendix to the Birkett Report in 1957, which revealed that over the previous five years the Home Secretary had annually authorised an average of 200 taps. Tony Bunyan, in his invaluable guide, *The Political Police in Britain,* has concluded that since then the establishment of the Special Branch has swollen five-fold and that of MI5 more than doubled, despite its retreat from our former colonies. It would therefore be natural for us to expect a proportional increase in the number of taps, and, lo, we find that the number of lines to the central listening post at Chelsea Barracks has also trebled – from 23 in the early Sixties to 72 a decade later.

The Birkett Report assured a suspicious public that ministers give 'close personal consideration' to every request for the requisite warrants, which suggests that recent Home Secretaries must have been busy men indeed. It also poses a neat question. Has Merlyn Rees, who has consistently claimed the right to alone determine the deportation of Agee and Hosenball, also personally authorised that the phones of their Defence Committee be tapped and its mail opened?

Now of course every nation under the sun uses the same techniques to protect its military secrets, however meagre, from foreign powers. What should especially disturb us is that the outrageous conduct of the security services in this case has focused on a journalist who is accused neither of trafficking with the Russians nor of plotting internal subversion but of taking too much interest in the Government's methods of surveillance

Of course, the uncomfortable reality is that the security services perceive as their major enemy not the KGB nor the IRA, but the British public with its inconvenient demands to know what is going on – demands which are made urgent and more legitimate by the relentless expansion of both staff and caseload of the Special Branch and MI5, and by the steady shift of the military effort from external defence to domestic counter-insurgency. Significantly, the only one of Campbell's contacts who has since been cautioned is a postgraduate pursuing a thesis on the social implications of police technology. Apparently the Special Branch do not regard this as a fit subject for academic inquiry.

It is perhaps time that we asked whether it is entirely coincidence that the incidents of the past six months have occurred under a Home Secretary who had recently moved from the Northern Ireland Office where he must have been in daily contact with the security services. Just as Watergate represented the homecoming to domestic politics of techniques pioneered by the CIA for use against foreign politicians, do we now witness the arrival on the mainland of the methods of mass surveillance which government takes for granted in Ulster? Certainly the evidence available suggests that those now advising Merlyn Rees pose a greater threat to the values of an open society than anything Phil Agee or Duncan Campbell are known to have done.

Martin Short

John Bull's Other Islands

'Jersey – The Great British Isle.' That is the Channel island's official tourist slogan for 1977. 'Can I assume therefore,' wrote one earnest campaigner to the local evening paper, 'that Islanders will soon be paying "Great British" taxes and living under "Great British" laws?' To which the answer is, of course, 'No'. For as the official tourist slogan of Jersey's main neighbour puts it: 'Guernsey – Where you can *still* have a holiday abroad.'

This healthy competitive holiday marketing encapsulates the constitutional conundrum of the Channel Islands, not that the Home Secretary will have much time to worry about it on his flying courtesy visits to Guernsey and Jersey on 15 and 16 May. But he would do well to bear in mind the mounting concern over two crucial areas of law in which both islands have drifted away from the United Kingdom in recent years: taxation and civil rights. The tax status of the Channel Islands is a serious drain on Britain's revenues, but the way in which individual citizens can be abused on the islands themselves is a major humanitarian scandal.

The Home Secretary is visiting the islands as the representative of Her Majesty the Queen who is responsible for exercising her personal authority over them. As the lineal descendant of the Dukes of Normandy she owns them as her private property. This feudal relationship has atrophied over the centuries but whereas every part of William the Conqueror's ancient domains have long since been fully incorporated into the legal and political systems of either Britain or France, the Channel Islands have remained 'independent'. Strictly defined, they are 'dependencies of the Crown with their own system of law and administration'. They have no elected representatives at Westminster, for they have their own parliaments or 'States'. On both Jersey and Guernsey the Queen is represented by a Lieutenant-Governor – an Air Chief Marshal and a Vice-Admiral respectively – but executive power is exercised by each island's Bailiff. With populations of 70,000 and 50,000 it might seem that the islands are like the city-state democracies of ancient Greece, as some local patriots will no doubt tell Merlyn Rees. But in fact power is concentrated among very few people and exercised largely for their own benefit. This is especially true of Guernsey where a self-perpetuating elite of 'Jurats' and 'Conseillers' back up the Bailiff, who is also not elected, in governing to the exclusion of the Deputies elected by the citizens. Shielded by this mock-democratic structure the local squirearchy, having usurped the feudal powers of the Duchess of Normandy, are able to fight off all demands for reform coming from outside as unacceptable interference in their internal affairs. And no British minister, not even the Home Secretary, dares to interfere when individual citizens – not outsiders – plead for redress in London against the arbitrary decisions of the islands' governments and courts.

The British taxpayer is openly mocked by the continuing loss to the British Treasury of huge amounts of revenue, and any move by Westminster MPs to curb tax avoidance by British companies through the Channel Islands and individuals is greeted with the heroic cry, 'No taxation without representation' from outraged interests in St Helier or St Peter Port. The racket depends primarily, of course, on the islands' low level of domestic taxation which was raised by Hitler to the outrageous level of four bob in the pound to pay for the cost of the German occupation and has stayed there ever since. A tax of 20p becomes increasingly attractive the bigger UK fortune you have, for the rate does not go up the more you earn. There has always been a small community of English emigrés on the Islands, mostly for their health or retirement, but the tax exile boom took off with increasingly heavy levels of UK taxation at the top end and the severe reduction in the size of the sterling area in 1972. No longer could the enterprising tax dodger put his money in the Bahamas, the Cayman Islands or the Seychelles without informing the Bank of England, but he could still do so in the Channel Islands (and, incidentally, the Ise of Man). Suddenly company registrations in them all soared. In the past five years companies have been registering on Jersey alone at the rate of 1,000 a year, more than doubling the total registrations for the previous century. Structural engineers have been called in to survey the Commercial Relations Office building because of fears that the floors will collapse under the weight of a filing system which is growing at the rate of 85 feet a year. But strangely, neither on Jersey nor on Guernsey do most of these companies have any offices. The banks look after their affairs for them. They are simply tax-dodging. One unfortunate exception was one of Slater, Walker's Jersey subsidiaries which bought up a lot of island property only to suffer substantial losses.

The wise investor is merely a UK resident who sets up a trust in such a way that UK estate duty is defeated. Thousands of these 'discretionary trusts' are registered in the Channel Islands but not even the 1974 Capital Transfer Tax, which was designed to block this tax-dodge, has put any serious limitation on them. The Inland Revenue

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department which has the job of reclaiming lost revenue from such companies clearly set up to avoid tax, is so small and unskilled that it is collecting little more than the cost of its own salaries. This is largely because it has failed to track many of the trusts down. You can't tax them unless you know which they are. This failure alone loses Britain £1,000m. a year, to which must be added what is lost through British tax exiles who really do live on the islands. These people are still in Britain in most practical respects, flying to and from London whenever their business interests and social life demand. They suffer none of the linguistic, climate or political discomforts of most of the other tax havens of the world. As one of Jersey's most celebrated residents, Alan Whicker, wrote in a recent edition of *High Life* (the British Airways giveaway magazine), the island is 'still free from natural or man-made disasters, from earthquake and tidal wave, anarchy and riot'.

Hot Money

British entry into the Common Market has only enhanced the islands' tax haven attractions, for now other member countries' tax avoiders have discovered that EEC regulations governing movements of capital do not apply to the Channel Islands. Nor do EEC long-term plans for the harmonisation of direct taxation. Ironically, this has now driven the UK Treasury into defending the tax status of the islands – which in other respects deprives the Government of so much revenue – on the grounds that now it benefits the UK as a whole. Denis Healey has written that 'because tax rates are generally low in the islands people from many countries are attracted to form investment and trading companies there. This has become a significant source of earnings to the islands and also brings additions to the UK foreign currency reserves'. But Healey has had a problem. In seeking to catch up with UK tax dodgers, Bank of England demands for information about those putting money in the islands has disturbed foreigners who thought that the facts were being handed on to their own tax authorities. This was clearly frightening a lot of hot money away so the Bank of England's representative at a conference on Jersey in 1975 had publicly to state that no such information would be handed on.

Having thus adopted a craven posture in return for a few pieces of silver, the British Government still goes out of its way to secure special favours for the Channel Islands in regard to the Common Market, even though strictly the islands only have associate status. Thus their agricultural produce can be sold freely in the Market while they may introduce a work permit system because the Market's 'free movement of labour' does not apply. Seasonal workers from Market countries, particularly France, without whom the islands' produce cannot be gathered, are effectively deported as soon as they can no longer prove they are in full-time employment. And the casual labour on which so much of the hotel and catering industry depends is even more shabbily treated. Typical are the 3,000 Portuguese working on Jersey alone. They are not allowed to bring their children with them until they have worked on the island for at least four years and even then only if suitable accommodation is available. In recent years there has been some improvement in hotel staff accommodation on Jersey, but provision for children is very rare indeed. Thus does the Jersey 'Defence Committee' (an official body) fulfil its role of keeping foreigners out while relying on them to keep the holiday industry on its feet.

If what happens to foreign nationals is perhaps inevitable, bearing in mind the size of the islands and their population density, the way in which the humbler islanders themselves are often treated is inexcusable. There is the case of Barrie Cooper, an engineer formerly working for the Jersey authorities who threatened to sue them for what he considered to be a defamatory reference they had sent to his new employers. It seems that for this threat alone Cooper was in 1961 forcibly detained in the local mental hospital. He was only released because the psychiatrist said he was of sound mind and should not be certified. Cooper then fought his way through baffling and archaic legal procedures to the ultimate island power, the Queen in the Privy Council. At last in 1976 she upheld his petition for unlawful detention 15 years earlier. She also authorised that he should receive compensation, but even today this has not been awarded because no sum has been agreed.

Freemasons' Influence

On Guernsey the case of Ronald Payne is a long-standing local scandal, over which the island's Labour Group, several deputies and Payne himself have been campaigning for five years. In 1972 Payne's wife removed their two daughters from the island immediately prior to a court decision which was to have been made over custody. Both the medical officer of health and the children's officer were convinced that Payne should have been given custody. In taking the children to England Mrs Payne was committing contempt of court and the magistrate ordered her to return them. But in clear violation of Guernsey law the court order has never been enforced. It has never even been forwarded to the Family Division in London where Mrs Payne has had the children made wards of court. Now Payne has been deprived of access to his children by London's Family Division until he agrees to give up his inalienable role under Guernsey law as their guardian. Meanwhile back on Guernsey Payne has also had to undergo detention for psychiatric examination. He, too, was found to be of completely sound mind. But now he cannot find a lawyer who is prepared to represent him, for there are only some 15 on the island and it seems they have all been warned off. This may have something to do with Payne's repeated railing against entrenched Masonic power. Perhaps Payne might justifiably be suffering from persecution mania after all he has been through, but it seems that much of what he says about Freemasonry may be true. Certainly the island's Masonic Directory revealed an extraordinary concentration of the local mighty in the Provincial Grand Lodge, including the Bailiff, the Crown Officer, Mrs Payne's lawyer, the magistrate who put Payne in prison for psychiatric examination and the chief of police. Luckily the psychiatrist was neither from Guernsey nor a Mason. By chance the Inspector who has just refused to renew taximan Payne's licence to carry passengers because of alleged vehicle defects is also a Mason. Thus Payne is now deprived even of his livelihood.

Feudal Echoes

There is also the extraordinary affair of Paul Wiggins, whose case is now before the International Commission on Human Rights at Strasbourg. Wiggins, aged 28, has lived on Guernsey since he was 11. He married when he was 21 and the couple bought a semi-derelict house for £2,500. By 1975 he had spent some £4,600 on converting it into three habitable dwellings, one of them for himself. Unfortunately, the couple separated and the wife moved out. At this point Wiggins was suddenly told that he could no longer live in the house because he was not Guernsey-born. A law had been invoked against him which was set up to protect local citizens from the soaring house prices at the upper end of the market (soaring, incidentally, because of the island's own taxation structure and its attraction for well-heeled 'foreigners'). Wiggins, despite his hard work on the house, certainly could not afford the sort of house available on the free market, which now cost a minimum of £35,000. Ousted from his own home – although it still belongs to him even by Guernsey law – Wiggins has been living in a tent in the garden for a whole year, in order to finish the repairs and maintain the property.

But the Cooper, Payne and Wiggins cases are only extreme examples of what occurs all the time on the islands. And high-handed arbitrary actions such as each case reveals are complemented by medieval penal laws. There is still a debtors' prison on Jersey while on Guernsey manacles are used even today to restrain obstreperous prisoners. At last the truth about the way both islands are run is seeping through to the Labour Party at Westminster, where a Channel Islands Group has recently been formed. Through the efforts of Michael Dun, an Englishman who works on Jersey, a British Islands Reform Group is working to remedy the taxation and humanitarian anomalies on which both islands appear to base their system of government. On Jersey there in a Democratic Movement, which, like Guernsey's Labour Group, is weak and powerless. But at last on Guernsey there is a widespread movement to eliminate the system of non-elected Jurats and Conseillers which effectively dominates the island. When its petition secures 20,000 signatures it will be brought to Westminster so that the British Government understands it is time for the feudal set up to be destroyed. The islands must be brought within the legal and political framework of the UK. After all, they are assumed to be part of the UK for the purpose of the current negotiations with France over oil exploration in the Channel. Not that the French want the islands back. They have shown their contempt by putting their version of Windscale right next door.

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British Transport Docks Board has record year

Salient points from statement by the Chairman, Sir Humphrey Browne

- **Traffic up 8%–container and roll-on/roll-off up 16%–increased share of UK seaborne traffic**
- **Return on capital 15%**
- **Loan repaid a year early–no borrowing since 1972**
- **Tax payable for the first time**
- **Historic depreciation exceeded by additional provision for inflation**

Results year ended 31st December, 1976

	1976 £ million	1975 £ million
Gross revenue	**99.1**	77.5
Profit before interest	**25.8**	12.5
Return on capital	**15.5%**	8.0%
Net profit after replacement cost depreciation (based on movement in Retail Price Index) and interest before tax	**11.6**	1.7
Tax		
(a) payable	**3.4**	Nil
(b) deferred	**2.7**	0.9
Net profit after tax	**6.2***	0.8

*Including extraordinary item £0·7m.

		1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976
Capital investment financed internally	%	24.3	52.7	67.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Return on capital	%	3.5	5.6	6.1	7.6	7.8	8.0	15.5

A copy of the Report and Accounts 1976 is available from the Secretary

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Household Faces-6 Jimmy Hill

The Salesman

In a world where the capacity to throw around words like *catenaccio* raises a commentator to the status of a theorist, and where insights such as 'football's a funny game' project their authors into the realms of philosophy, it is not hard to see why Jimmy Hill stands out. It is not just that he steers clear of the normal range of ritualistic clichés and mixed metaphors which flourish in sports coverage, but also that he is the example *par excellence* of a commentator as both professional analyst and superstar in his own right.

With the newspapers' enslavement to the TV personality, the fates of commentators are now followed by back-page addicts as keenly as the careers of footballers themselves. Jimmy Hill's transfer from London Weekend to BBC's *Match of the Day* in 1973 was the stuff of front page headlines. *Match of the Day* is now claiming a record 12 million viewers. And yet he is nearly the only commentator respected by professional players; (football journalists, as a group, are firmly regarded as outsiders). But, in his own words: 'There's time enough to scratch the surface. I get two and a half minutes on TV to talk about a match; it's very much a routine, but a diet that people like.' In contrast to London Weekend, where simultaneously he was head of sport, head of publicity, and deputy controller of programmes, he has no executive control at the BBC. *Match of the Day* may be exciting enough for him; it may scratch his ego to be football counsellor to the nation; it is certainly lucrative. But it all adds up to an impression that he is wasting his time.

Not literally – his diary is hardly that of a Nobody. It's not simply his ability to entertain and be at ease with a variety of people which puts him in demand, nor is it his capacity for balanced critiques (he hedges his criticisms with dimunitives and qualifications). For his established status as a personality unfairly obscures his real flair as a publicist and campaigner. He enjoys promotions, charity work, being genial at functions, lending a helping hand. 'What I've done all my life is responded.' He's in the happy Illichian state of not knowing when he's working and when he's playing. He hates spare time and is in his element when he's rushing from one appointment to another, changing clothes and persona as he goes. For all the haste, things get done, like abolishing the players' maximum wage, taking, as manager, Coventry City from the Third to the First Division, and hauling ITV Sports from its joke status to parity with the BBC which finally 'had to break every rule in the book' to win him and stop any more damage being done to their credibility.

Born in 1928 in Balham, he won a scholarship to the local grammar school. His parents (both now in their eighties, and with as many proud scrapbooks on their son) still live in Balham, and argue which gave him the brains and which the personality.

The more successful he's become, the more journalists in an attempt to balance the copy have described him as an abysmal footballer at Brentford and Fulham. He says with hurt pride. 'Ultimately if I become the most successful man in the country, it will surely be written that I was the worst professional player in the history of the game.'

But his egotism led to a certain unpopularity then, which sometimes persists. As John Bromley, a colleague at LWT, says, 'The problem with him is that he leaves a trail of jealousy behind because they don't know him except as a show-off.' Alan Hardaker, of the Football League, recently said: 'The difference between me and Jimmy Hill is that he actually believes that he is the Messiah of football – I never have.' He has also annoyed some of the Players' Football Association by allegedly grabbing the chairmanship in 1956 and then taking all the credit and publicity when the Football League capitulated four days from a players' strike over the right to freely negotiate their wages. His punishment is no place at the top of the PFA's annual dinner. It is a minor contretemps, but it shows how addicted Hill is to seeking out a slightly trivial fame. Indeed at LWT, once the choice between an anonymous control and performance could be delayed no longer, he renounced his three executive posts and the probable prize of controller of programmes for the adrenalin provided by TV appearance.

Hill protests that at Coventry, at least, there was always a reason behind the gimmickry. At a time when football did not need to sell itself, Hill went out to make the people of Coventry feel part of the Club. The town responded to the sky-blue bars and the express train specially hired, complete with disco, dancing directors and a sound system for bingo and Hill's after-match comments, and he procured the biggest gimmick of all – matches won by Coventry. Profits and attendances boomed, 10,000 watched reserve games. Having got them to the First, he knew there would be

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great difficulty maintaining that pitch of success and feverish excitement; he also knew the ambitious temperament of the chairman, and so demanded a ten-year contract to give him security over the next stage. To Hill's surprise the chairman refused and Hill left without giving the real reasons, which gave the cynics a field day. Coventry has been stolid and mediocre ever since while most managers remain inhibited by fear of failure.

As it was, too proud to stay on until he got the sack, Hill was becalmed until Michael Peacock offered him the post of head of sport at London Weekend, much to the astonishment of some of his future colleagues. He brought in Bob Gardam as producer and Brian Moore to commentate. The channels' rivalry became intense. In the 1969 Cup Final fighting broke out between the rival crews while the players' only asylum from the camera became the loo. But as crowds thinned, TV was criticised for distorting the shape of the game, for having made the unpackaged reality of 90 minutes at a ground insipid by comparison. If you could see 30 goal-nets bulge in as many minutes on TV, why waste an afternoon on the off-chance of glimpsing three? Hill can still be riled if told he is in the contradictory position of campaigning to bring crowds back while being a centrepiece in their migration. Unrepentantly he polemicises: 'As long as football clubs look at television and say that's to blame, they don't have to do anything about their loud speaker, the voice of the club, or about making the fans comfortable, or the fact that the game on the field at certain levels is boring, and certainly more boring than it used to be.'

He undoubtedly has the right to make the point. Few of the Coventry ideas, which are all there for the stealing, have been taken up. Clubs are still woefully isolated from the community in which they operate. Declining gates have forced clubs to sell themselves more and Hill set up his consultancy – 'Jimmy Hill Ltd – to help any club bring in the extra revenue. (Hill now admits that players are being given more than they earn). The Football Association, for one, took out a contract, but most clubs still oscillate around impoverishment, whether they have Hill 'selling' their club or not.

In television also, there's been retrenchment. The 1974 World Cup coverage was generally recognised as media overkill and Hill was in the middle of the criticism. Camera techniques are now exhausted, the panels have talked themselves out of a job, and there's a mood that there's too much talk about what's wrong in the game. We are left with football for 'mum and dad and the budgie'. Investigative programmes, like LWT's *Sports Arena*, are out of favour. It died because it wasn't networked; Hill pleaded with Sir Lew Grade to take it, citing the opinion of Grade's brother, Leslie, that it was the best programme on sport, only to be rebuffed: 'That's why Leslie will never know anything about television. He should stick to the cinema.' Hill admits he has not been campaigning enough. At the same time, if he was 'more sensational and brash, viewing figures would go up, but we'd have no contract with the Football League in three weeks', which is hardly the most courageous credo. There remains a vast but reduceable gap between how football is presented to the public and how it is lived and discussed by those who are 'inside' it.

He is moving to the Cotswolds next year, providing more scope for his fantasy of himself as a huntsman and country squire. He'll also wind down some of his charitable activities to concentrate on the consultancy. There are two wives to look after and a £25m. contract to make Saudi Arabia's football the pride of the Middle East. One cynic described this exercise as 'glorified gym masters taking sweets from babies.' Hill himself is not that complimentary about the Saudi squad when he brought them to London. Three had V.D., one was blind in an eye, and another had to go home after a hair transplant. But he has an enthusiasm about everything he undertakes, however unlikely. 'Once you're part of his team, he'll give you the world.'

From Balham to Bahrein isn't bad, but back in Britain there's always been a strong lobby which argues that he should stop frittering away his talents on the periphery and should be given a chance to reform the Football League and so, at last, concentrate on a single large task. He holds little sway through television. Put the prospect to him and he says: 'I think the day has gone. Because I was once a rebel, by the time they're ready to accept me, I'll be too old.' But Hardaker, the present secretary of the League, and Hill's adversary over the maximum wage, is 64 – and, anyway, football's a funny game.

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Emma Soames

Keeping the Standard Raised

At the beginning of this year, in the Crush Bar at Covent Garden, a select party was given by the staff of the *Evening Standard* to bid a formal farewell to Charles Wintour who had retired from the newspaper after 17 years as its editor. There had been some casual speculation about when he would retire, but no one had guessed that his move would be at 24 hours notice from Shoe Lane into the monolithic glass headquarters of Beaverbrook Newspapers in order to become managing director of the ailing *Daily Express*. Had we been seeking omens, it would have been the first example of just how high-handed our masters could be, a sour foretaste of the months that lay ahead. But it was a pleasant enough occasion, if sad.

The next time, Saturday 23 April, that Charles Wintour officially addressed the staff of the *Evening Standard*, it was on the dingy green editorial floor of the paper, whither he had been peremptorily summoned by an angry army of journalists who for two days previously had been reading rumours of Associated Newspapers' takeover bid of the *Standard*. Probably for the first time in his life, Wintour's words were received in sullen silence. The paper was for sale and he apparently could do nothing to prevent it.

The gloom was so intense that by the Monday morning of last week it would not have been surprising to find the doors of the *Evening Standard* locked with Vere Harmsworth standing in the street holding the key. This nightmare became recurrent, as did the pattern of the days that followed. By 8.30 a.m. the place was buzzing with activity, the mood was slightly frenetic but at least the paper was making it on to the streets. As every edition hit departmental desks, incredulity mounted. The production pipeline was fraught with unions who were fully expected to stop work according to the rumours (coming in this case from Beaverbrook). They didn't and it became apparent to everyone that the newspaper itself was the only weapon we possessed in what was effectively open war against Associated. At that time Associated seemed only slightly more unfriendly than Beaverbrook. Over the road at the Black Lubianka, they seemed to regard their London evening paper as a dubious asset that could be sold as easily as a picture off the boardroom wall. Sure, it would leave a gap, but nothing that another layer of whitewash couldn't hide.

There was only bad news to be heard. It emerged that Wintour was not even on the negotiating board that was to announce a merged evening newspaper on Thursday. The first of many mandatory meetings on Monday night ended in exhausted chaos. *Evening Standard* journalists are a surprisingly conservative bunch (partly because of an excellent House Agreement) so normally union meetings are not well-attended. That evening it looked suspiciously as if many in the hot and angry room hardly knew the difference between an amendment and a motion, or what to do if they did. Evidently if the paper was to be saved it would not be by the *Evening Standard* NUJ chapel. Nor could the new editor Simon Jenkins provide any comfort. 'A deal has not been signed' was the only reassurance he offered.

Yet like a provincial circus in a rainstorm the show had to go on. The arrival of two new journalists, Peter Cole and Mark Webster, who bravely joined the paper that week, added to the atmosphere of unreality. Lunches were interrupted by phone calls. 'Come back at once. We've got to write an obituary for the Londoners' Diary for the last edition. It's the last day.' But by the time disbelieving reporters got back to their embattled fortress, the paper was still being published, with no mention of death, not even a suicide note. But for the rest of the week no one left Fleet Street except to sleep. El Vino, the Poppingjay and the chapel committee room were the focal points. The pizza parlours did booming business in sticky take-aways.

Determination soon took the place of despair. While Simon Jenkins was secretly talking to Sir James Goldsmith, we decided it was time to take action ourselves. A small group of journalists, including Trevor Grove and the deputy editor Richard Bourne, decided over lunch to find a millionaire. Six rich men got phone calls that day. They were canvassed and cajoled, but none could match the fervour or the resources of Vere Harmsworth. We were obviously short of money (and we still are) but by then we were running out of time as well. The deal was all but signed. There

were long and agonising discussions over whether we should throw in our lot with the *Evening News* who were threatening disruptive action. We needed all the muscle we could get, but we also needed to go on producing a newspaper. We were living in cloud-cuckoo land and there's no industrial action there – nor do cuckoos go mating with their nearest rivals. So on we went alone.

Whatever *The Times* may say the first cuckoo sang last Wednesday. Simon Jenkins changed tack; the perfect diplomat showed signs of becoming a warrior. In a letter to the staff he announced he had turned down the deputy editorship of the proposed new paper. 'I must tell the staff that irrespective of my own position I honestly do not believe the new paper to be a worthy successor to the *Evening Standard*. It will not be our kind of paper . . . we must not let this ship sink.' The letter provided the necessary focus. Jocelyn Stevens, the Chief Executive of Beaverbrook, got the message too. Until Wednesday, when they occupied the boardroom, he had refused to speak to the FoCs. On that night he called the chapel and promised that nothing would be signed without consultation with the unions. The cast of the drama no longer appeared to consist entirely of villains, but everything appeared to be happening 24 hours too late. If we were going to run a campaign to save the *Evening Standard* surely it should have started sooner. If the unions were going to be consulted, why not do it before it was too late?

Wrong again. On Tuesday there was indeed a campaign, running throughout the media at full volume. The *Evening Standard* vans smothered with slogans captured the mood as adequately as lead-letters in *The Times*. The pubs were packed with TV reporters, industrial correspondents and huddles of *Standard* printers and reporters while work was constantly interrupted by telephone calls from well-wishers suddenly realising they would miss the paper.

Then Charles Wintour unexpectedly appeared in the *Evening Standard* offices with a broad grin spread across his face. Cheeky it seemed, but not for long. The rumour came up with a fresh edition at lunchtime – James Goldsmith and 'Tiny' Rowland both wanted to buy the paper. While Sir James met Jocelyn Stevens, NUJ officials were calling 'Tiny' Rowland for a statement. 'You can regard me as a viable alternative.' It was all we wanted. Tiger balm or marmite both sounded infinitely preferable to Vere Harmsworth. For the first time since the party in the Crush Bar a cheer went up among the staff when Goldsmith's proposals were finally announced.

On Thursday evening it seemed as if the whole of the *Evening Standard* was packed into the pub to celebrate. The euphoria off which the paper had lived all week became jubilant elation. From the printing floor to the editor's office the loyalty to the paper and the determination to save it had been justified and rewarded with at least a reprieve. The following day Vere Harmsworth had been expecting to address the staff of the *Evening Standard* along with that of the *Evening News* – it was a near miss. True Sir James doesn't exactly look like a saving angel, but he makes a great straw for a drowning paper.

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London Diary

☐ This week's local elections will, no doubt, be depressing for the Labour Party, but however dismal the results they will hardly surprise me. In my part of London the only communication I got from the Labour Party amounted to just about the weirdest political document I have ever read. It explained at some length how the party's original candidate for the GLC, Paddy O'Connor, the victim of Yorkshire TV's *Goodbye Longfellow Road*, had been reluctantly dropped and then gave a blow-by-blow account of how his successor, Tony Sweeney, another victim (this time of last year's Kensington's dustmen's trial), had been selected instead. This is how Mr Sweeney told his own story.

> *On that case*: Sixty of us dustmen got done for 'using council property' to make a bit on the side. Well, you don't mind if you did do something, but when you get stitched up it's different. That's nasty. Still, the Old Bailey was a bit of a giggle. We all used to get lunch together in this big cell. One day, when they gave us these little trifles in containers, the men loosened them at the edges and sent them up in the air. In the end there were about 70 trifles hanging from the ceiling. John Stonehouse was there but I believe he asked to go into solitary after a few days with us.

You know what? I have a kind of feeling that the pilgrimage of Labour voters to the polls in our borough is going to prove to have been pretty solitary, too.

☐ Of course that is only one individual case – but how many voters, whether in London or elsewhere, actually knew the name of their local candidate before Thursday or, having once discovered it at the polling station, managed to remember it by Friday? We shall never, I'm convinced, give local government a fair chance in Britain until we inject a personality element into it. Sir Reg Goodwin, Labour's leader on the GLC these past ten years is, I'm sure, a great and good man; but he is hardly a household name, even in the way that Herbert Morrison was when Labour first won control of London in 1933. What we need is a system of popularly elected mayors in Britain, just as they have in the United States. That would provide two solid advantages: first, it would offer a focus of interest in big city elections and, secondly, it would hold out the prospect of any politician temporarily frustrated and thwarted at Westminster of some other means of fulfilment. Why should not someone like, say, Peter Walker, have the alternative avenue open to him of running to be mayor of Birmingham – or, for that matter, Eric Heffer or Norman Atkinson have the opportunity of demonstrating that the policies they merely *advocate* at Westminster can actually be made to *work* on the ground in Liverpool or London? That way, who knows, we might even discover a form of devolution that meant something.

☐ At the moment local government clearly doesn't mean much, even to the BBC. Its main news and current affairs sound broadcasting outfit, Radio 4, wasn't even staying open this Thursday to cover the election results. Nor, for that matter, did it bother last week to provide a programme on the two by-elections at Grimsby and Ashfield. Of course you could get the results – and the odd rumours from the count – interspersed with music on Radio 2; but only on television was anything like a full political service provided. Time was when Radio 4 on these occasions used to provide a competing programme – and very welcome it was too, especially when you got news of recounts at about 1.00 a.m. You could then always toddle off to bed satisfied that you weren't actually going to miss anything by listening to the radio. No more, however; on your transistor all you get in the small hours is 'Vera of Camberwell' or the ramblings of some disc jockey. Having tried both last week, I was finally driven back to the telly – which, I suppose, could be the BBC's way of making sure that at least Robin Day and his guests do not end up simply talking to themselves.

☐ Still in my anti-telly mood, I've been wondering why last Monday night's Labour 'party political' was such a flop. It was, at least for two-thirds of its time, a straight crib from Granada TV's *What the Papers Say* – which always commands its own audience of *aficionados* even when it's on as late as midnight. Why, then, promoted to the 9 o'clock slot on all three channels simultaneously did the formula seem so wooden and stilted? Labour's political broadcast had, after all, not only a *Guardian* journalist as presenter but, even more important, the authentic *WTPS* actors in their normal voice roles. And yet it all came over like a lead balloon. Why? The answer, I fancy, is a simple one. *What The Papers Say* is supposed to be an irreverent programme: tie it to the chariot wheels of a political party – and it dies on its feet. The *Guardian*, I noticed, carried a slightly embarrassed disclaimer on Tuesday concerning the participation in the programme of its own staff member, John Torode. More to be the point might well be one of those 'any resemblance . . .' announcements from Granada on *What the Papers Say*'s next edition.

☐ If Sir Christopher Soames does succeed in making his way back to Westminster via Saffron Walden, it will not be the first time that he and that particular Essex constituency have come into contact. Alas, the last occasion could hardly be described as auspicious. It was at the height of the Profumo affair 14 years ago when Saffron Walden was still represented in Parliament by that perennial aspirant for the Tory leadership, Rab Butler. Soames was there to make the speech at the local Tories' annual garden fête held in Rab's own garden at Stanstead Hall. He made an excellent speech, a rousing call to the faithful that managed somehow to skirt over all the Tory Party's then agonising leadership problems. But he had – as Mr Edgar Lustgarten might say – 'made his fatal mistake' even before he arrived. He had stopped off for lunch with his brother-in-law, Randolph Churchill, who had surreptitiously followed him to the fête. And no sooner had the applause for Soames died away than Randolph was on his feet. 'Might I,' he inquired in his most courtly fashion, 'be permitted to ask Mr Butler a question?' The chairman, a man of some discrimination, was very firm. 'No, Mr Churchill' he said, 'we never have questions on these occasions, everyone is eagerly waiting to get to the stalls.' But poor Rab Butler couldn't even recognise a lifeline when he was thrown one. 'Oh,' he remarked giggling a little uneasily, 'I don't mind answering *one* question from Randolph.' The result could, and should, have been foreseen. Had Mr Butler, Randolph demanded to be told, advised Mr Macmillan that it was in the interests of the Tory Party that he should continue as Prime Minister and lead the party into the next election – and, if not, would he undertake to do so immediately? It was one of the high moments of comedy in the recent history of British politics and Soames, I'm sorry to say, fell about.

☐ This May Books number, sadly, marks the last occasion on which our books and art pages will be edited by Claire Tomalin. Claire leaves us this week after a distinguished three years as literary editor in order to devote more of her time to her own writing. She is planning to follow up her prize-winning biography of Mary Wollstonecraft with a new study of Katherine Mansfield; but we also very much hope that at least some of her writing will continue to appear in our own columns. Taking over from her, as from next week, will be Martin Amis who, at 27, must be the youngest literary editor in the NS's 64-year history. He has, however, been our assistant literary editor for the past two years, and already has two novels to his credit with a third on its way later this year. It is, I hear, to be called *Success*.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ If Mr Tether were given the right to put in the paper whatever he wanted, the freedom of the press would be seriously breached. – Counsel for the *Financial Times* quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* (Gerald Kaufman)

☐ One Sussex council followed Home Office advice and installed unbreakable glass in a cricket pavilion. A young hooligan hurled a brick at the window which failed to break. The brick rebounded and struck him a severe blow on the foot. The boy's irate mother complained to the park keeper that it was criminal that the council should use such material to glaze their buildings. – *Bexhill-on-Sea Observer* (Bridget Stevens)

☐ The Select Committee's recommendations on family planning were criticised yesterday for not going far enough. The MPs called for more sex eduation in schools but the Family Planning Association said it would take more than this to break through the myths of the playground. Today's youngsters still accept lies like 'You can't get pregnant if you jump up and down afterwards' because their chums told them. — *Daily Express* (M. Boom).

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University Forum

Michael Massing*

Visible Imports

After receiving my first degree in America, I suffered pangs of indecision over whether to go on to graduate school, but once my mind was made up, I knew at once where I would do it. My Anglophilia extended back to the days of pubescence, when my fantasies fed on the likes of D. H. Lawrence and Joseph Conrad, and continued intact through my more sober scholastic period, when like countless others I pored over mounds of statistics, trying to determine whether the English working class's standard of living rose or fell during the Industrial Revolution. I wasn't attracted by the placid images of Britain that appeal to so many Americans, the country of sophisticates gathering in Bloomsbury salons, of sherry and high table at Oxbridge, of genteel, liveried civil servants quaintly queuing up for the bus in Whitehall. No, the Britain that drew me was the land of Luddites rebelling against the looms of Lancashire, of bent miners sweating in the pits of Wigan, of anvil-armed militants welding together ships in Clydeside.

And so I left behind a complacent, overfed America, eager to explore a country where only a few years ago the working class had been able to bring a right-wing government to its knees. Instead, what I found was a quiescent society withdrawn into a self-conscious helplessness, where the hottest topic of conversation is the private life of an ex-prime minister's secretary, where Milton Friedman seems the most popular man since Winston Churchill, where the Government seems more intent on banishing journalists than on combating recession.

Nor were my original expectations fulfilled in the classroom. Yes, I was able to escape tired expositions on the sacred equilibrium of pluralism and the aesthetic symmetry of municipal government. But instead of encountering the ghosts of Harold Laski and R. H. Tawney, as I had hoped, I was subjected to such arcania as the crucial importance of swing in deciding by-elections and the prevalence of a rare breed of voters who are said to float in the polling booth rather than simply pull levers like most folks back home.

Yet I have encountered something else in my days of study here, a type of educational experience that had eluded me in America and that I hadn't expected to find in Britain, that citadel of white Anglo-Saxon Protestantism. In the course of one winding seminar on imperialism, for example, a student from South Africa notes the connection between his country's present occupational structure and the former British presence there. Again, during a discussion of nationalism, a student from Mexico describes how his government has customarily evoked the glory of past revolution to smother present-day social conflict. In a seminar on industrialisation in the Third World, a student from India explains how economic development at home consistently flounders in the tradition-bound countryside. At times it is difficult to decipher the English, but the personal observations invariably illuminate in ways textbooks cannot.

The debate over the proper place for overseas students in British universities, prompted by the determination of the Department of Education and Science to more than double their fees, has too often sunk to the level of sterile sums-slinging and empty sloganeering. On the one hand, the Government periodically marches out its loyal phalanx of figures, attempting to present the proposed cuts in education as the consequence of inexorable economic logic. On the other hand, students glibly invoke Britain's obligation to make good a debt incurred during colonial days, when pith-helmeted imperial administrators stunted indigenous education systems, relegating them to an intellectual wasteland.

In either case, the antagonists have overlooked the real matter at hand – the overseas students themselves and their place within the British system of higher education. That place extends beyond a mere statistic of x thousands of students costing the country y millions of pounds, as it does beyond some mystical salving of an onerous collective guilt. The more than 30,000 of them enrolled full-time in British universities represent over one-tenth of all university students in the country. In some institutions, such as the LSE and the School of Oriental and African Studies, they constitute over a third of the total student body and close to half the postgraduate enrolment. The prospect of a substantial cut in the number of overseas students – and the Government has made clear its intention to reduce their number by some 25 per cent in coming years – must direct attention to how such surgery will alter the the student body and, as a consequence, impair the quality of instruction itself.

No one can deny that, however weak the pound, however negative the trade balance, however large the public deficit, British education is one sector in which productivity continues high. When it comes to academic research and publications, the country still ranks among the world's leaders. But at the same time, from the student's standpoint, the value of the educational experience depends less on how many experts a school might have on the history of the potato and more on who it is that sits around the seminar table and whom one is liable to meet for lunch in the school refectory. After four years of debating the nature of social revolution and the structure of agrarian societies with future Wall Street lawyers, I know how hollow the social sciences can become in a student population largely homogeneous in terms of class and nationality.

As a student in London I've felt much less afflicted by the malady of armchair academics. African socialism and Latin American dictatorship no longer seem mere abstractions; I discuss them with students who have lived in such far away societies, who have experienced the fear of repression or the exultation of social experiment, who have suffered when their politically undesirable fathers lost their jobs or who themselves have been forced to flee into exile in order to save their own skins.

Three-quarters of the overseas students in British universities come here from Third World countries. They bring with them more than a diversity of life-styles from exotic climes. They arrive fresh from countries that in recent years have reshaped the balance of world politics and, in the process, have compelled the social sciences and humanities to re-examine accepted shibboleths about what makes man as social animal behave as he does. Their presence here contributes significant, if unmeasurable, insights that help the Western student make some sense of often impenetrable events.

An undergraduate from Mauritius participating in the occupation of the LSE last month discussed his situation in light of the proposed fees increases. The son of an illiterate fishmonger, he said he was worried that he would not be able to obtain the more than £2,000 he estimated he will need next year to meet tuition and living expenses. If forced to return home before finishing his course in economics, he said, 'the whole possibility of accomplishing something in life will be cut off. It is very difficult to get educated when you come from a low strata of society, as I do. You have to struggle against the odds; then, when you overcome them, you discover that there are other struggles.'

Given the prevailing terms of the debate over the fees increases, I can easily understand the common query: 'Should I, a British taxpayer, help subsidise the son of an oil sheikh from Iran?' The answer, quite simply, is no. But until a more equitable system in instituted that will make the rich overseas student pay to help finance the poor, a drastic rise in fees will mean simply that the scions of Brazilian coffee merchants and Greek shipping magnates will continue to come, while the sons of fishmongers will not. The sons – and those who study with them among the student body at large – would suffer.

Of the preconceptions of Britain I brought with me from across the ocean, the one that perhaps has proved truest is this country's continuing status as one of the great cultural centres of the world. The image of Karl Marx researching *Das Kapital* in the reading room of the British Museum belongs not to an unrecoverable past but to the daily present. The overseas students here are part of that tradition. Will they remain so?

* *Michael Massing is an American studying Political Sociology at the London School of Economics.*

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

It Pays to Advertise

Are we to suppose that the lavish outpouring by Lord Grade, an astute forecaster if ever there was one, of millions of pounds on a film intended mainly, if not solely, for television screens, means the beginning of the end of films as we have known them for the last 70 or so years in public cinemas? I certainly would not regret the passing of those exaggeratedly oblong films which now seem to be eighty feet wide by ten feet high and look to my elderly eyes not unlike a vast letter-box.

My peripheral vision is by no means what it was and I always fear that while I am gazing at a desperado spraying bullets from behind a cactus to the right of the screen, I am missing something of importance occurring to William Holden in that shabby shack to the left. No fear of that with telly films or anything else on the box for that matter. *Jesus of Nazareth* came out nearly square (15 in. by 12 in. I make it) and one didn't miss a thing. There was not, I thought, a wince in it from start to finish.

This TV film was widely viewed and discussed locally here in Devon. It was warmly received by all, but the general opinion was that the advertisements that interlarded the gospel story were rather 'a pity'. But, as I pointed out to any who seemed receptive, would Lord Grade, though kindness and generosity itself, have provided this treat if he had had to pay for it out of his own pocket? Ah, was the reply, but after the Slaughter of the Innocents, did we really need to have Oxo ('gives a meal man appeal'), Ajax, Cadbury's Dairy Box Chocs and Crest Toothpaste? And then, after the arrest of John the Baptist there had been K.P. Ranchero Crisps (bacon flavour) Hygena Kitchens, Twix crunchy shortcake snacks and Nivea skin cream, all of which seemed 'out of place'. And hardly had Judas Iscariot been enrolled before we were gazing at the wonders of Woolworth, the new Renault 14 and the *Daily Express*. 'What advertisements would you then have considered suitable?', I asked. A thoughtful silence fell and we all gazed at the ground, trying not to think of wafers and Wincarnis.

It seems to me idiotic to imagine that Christ himself would have spotted anything unseemly in the advertisements or in the goods they advertised. Anadin would speedily have put paid to any headaches visited on the disciples (plenty, I should think), and, on a jollier note, I can just picture James the son of Zebedee tucking into the Black Magic. Supremely practical and efficient, Jesus would immediately have seen the point of Daz and Cooken and Qualcast lawn mowers and been first up to the counter to purchase them. And for feeding five thousand hungry persons, what could be handier and less messy than a carton of fish fingers apiece and some sliced Mother's Pride?

I felt it best, however, not to mention any of this to our local inhabitants, fearing baffled looks and clickings of tongues. I am thought weird enough as it is without piling it on. And while we are on the subject of television, I can only hope that it never gets itself allied to the BBC's latest aural novelty, quadraphonic sound. The thought of *Crossroads* coming at one both sideways and from behind is quite enormously agitating.

But if films are indeed on the way out, I much regret the fact and particularly the more old-fashioned ones. I go to films in London, but not for some 20 years now, in fact since the coming of our telly, have I ventured forth to an Exeter cinema. But time was when we down here in the Devon geriatric jet set went at least once a week. Bus to the Odeon, three-course lunch (3s. 6d.) in the excellent cafeteria, a bag of toffees and then into the back stalls, all agog.

Immense floods of gratitude well out of me when I remember all the pleasure I have had from films, starting in a Hammersmith cinema way back in about 1916. In those days, films divided sharply between broad comedy and stark tragedy. The halfway house got you nowhere. Silent celluloid transmitted poorly even such theatrical successes as *The Ware Case* and *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* and films were much livelier when specially scripted. These scripts allowed such heroines as Lillian Gish and Mae Murray to be chased round and round a tree or a garden seat by a man either romantically inclined or who had other things in mind.

There was no mistaking which films were intended to be funny and which were not. The titles told all: *Mrs Plum's Pudding, Who Stole Pa's Purse?, Percy Wanted a Moustache* and *Oh! That Terrible Odour!* – these, if you are in doubt, were comic 'shorts'. Fatties were considered hilarious material, particularly Roscoe Arbuckle, bright star of the Keystone comedies who kicked off at 16 stone and whose salary rose with every precious pound of additional weight on which pies, crockery and sacks of flour could disintegrate and explode.

A popular Californian company called itself Phunfilms and physical merriment was everywhere. Deaf old gentlemen struck out with their ear-trumpets, trousers fell off right and left, black men shivered from head to foot at the sight of imaginary ghosts, bulky ladies stepped into deep puddles, bicyclists with fail-dangerous brakes went whizzing downhill and into china shops, and Ben Turpin's crossed eyes, at which everybody *roared*, were insured for $25,000. The sub-titles kindly kept one abreast of what was toward. Spectral shapes wandering mysteriously about in a dark and empty opera house were suddenly wiped from the screen and the words EERIE DOINGS AFOOT made all clear. Wartime aeroplanes indulging in 90 m.p.h. dog-fights high up in the blue were explained by FAR ABOVE THE TEEMING EARTH THEY FLIRT WITH DEATH.

In my youth my mother and father, fine examples of true parental care and conscientiousness in this free and easy world, used to ask around among their friends as to whether a certain film was 'all right' for me and in this way I was denied the pleasures of gazing at 'vamps' and in particular at Miss Theda Bara, though by some mistake I did manage to see her in her first smash hit *A Fool There Was*, which owed itself to a stage play based on Kipling's poem 'The Vampire'. Hence the creation of the word 'vamp'. There was rather a lot of Miss Bara and she possessed several yards of jet black hair. Her forte was to gaze white-faced into the camera with what are called 'smouldering' eyes and look inscrutable. Her press agent put it about that, half French and half Arab, she was born in the shadow of the Sphinx but in point of fact she was *née* Theodosia Goodman and the nearest she ever got to the Sphinx was Cincinnati. So rapid and complete have been the changes in fashions of beauty that to gaze now at the 'stills' of dear Miss Bara make one wonder whether she hasn't perhaps wandered across from Phunfilms.

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Letters to the Editor

Privacy and the Press

Sir, Mr Raymond Wacks in (to use the language of his own choice) his somewhat otiose and toothless article in your issue of the 29 April refers to particular instances in which he, but not others with more responsibility for expressing a view, considers the right to privacy to have been invaded. I shall not follow him in discussing these cases save to say that those who, whether as Members of Parliament or as pop stars, seek to cultivate public support or even become public idols must accept that the public may be properly concerned to know about some aspects of their lives which they themselves might prefer to protect from public appraisal, possibly because they do not feel that these aspects would enhance the kind of reception which they seek to cultivate.

Everything which Mr Wacks writes is terribly old hat, but, of course, he is entitled to disagree with the Court of Appeal, the Younger Committee on Privacy and the Press Council if he chooses. Most right thinking people will surely reject totally his deplorable proposition that unless the press can show why it should *not* be done, privacy legislation ought to be imposed upon the citizen. It is arguments of this kind which clutter up the Statute Book and steadily erode more fundamental rights of freedom.

As for the assertion which he now repeats in your columns that the Press Council offers little guidance to editors on the legitimate bounds of press disclosures, I can only assume that although he has no doubt read, he has not understood, the statement of principles which the Press Council issued. Mr Wacks may, indeed, be indifferent to the judgment of his peers but it is not the general view of journalists: 'although', said Lord Gardiner's Committee on Terrorism in Northern Ireland, 'the Press Council possesses only the power to censure . . . newspapers are, in fact, highly sensitive to such action from their peers.' As I said in reply to an earlier diatribe from Mr Wacks, the Press Council believes that its 'Declaration on Privacy' will, to use the language of the Younger Comittee on Privacy, be 'respected, obeyed and feared'. But, of course, belittlement of the existing sanctions by persons like Mr Wacks does not help.

HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

The Press Council
1 Salisbury Square
London EC4

Sir, Lecturers in law should not make allegations they cannot substantiate. Mr Raymond Wacks should check his facts. Referring to my recent article in *Forum* he states that, while my ex-husband toiled wearily through the night legislating for the nation, I indulged in dalliance with his less dutiful colleagues. This scenario, though imaginative, is pure fantasy. The two brief encounters with politicians referred to in my article occurred some years before I ever met Brian Walden, let alone married him.

I also wonder if Mr Wacks has actually read what I wrote. Far from wishing to wound – I mention no names – I argued, in the defence of MPs, that the very demands of political life and the temperament of many talented politicians did engender an unusual desire for solace and support. I also wrote that 'as public morality becomes more flexible, people seem to desire, most unfairly, a higher standard of morality from their representatives'. Perhaps this explains the overreaction in the press to my comments that politicians, just like those they represent, do have sex lives and emotional needs.

Where they differ from ordinary people is that they have deliberately chosen to become public figures and to practise their trade in the public eye. Existing laws and a considerable degree of privilege already protect them from any serious infringements of their privacy. But public interest in all areas of their lives is surely inevitable. Those who choose the spotlight will always fascinate those who live in the shadows. No amount of indignant whinnying from the likes of Mr Wacks can alter that. It's human nature.

JANE MCKERRON

26 Elsworthy Road
London NW3

Sir, The disadvantage faced by the like of Raymond Wacks is, of course, that in looking assiduously for some letter of the law eventually to reconcile competing claims of the right to know and the freedom from unwanted publicity, he will miss the facts of life around him. While Mr Wacks goes along with the contention of Mr Litterick's agent, that Mr Litterick's convalescence might be prejudiced by accountability, Mrs Litterick nevertheless appears to receive a letter from her suffering husband to the effect that he may have to take the children from their home that he has left. A wholly private matter this? No, since Mrs Litterick who is also deserving of some consideration, seems to think this worthy of public consideration. A voter in Mr Litterick's constituency is surely already entitled to know if his elected representative can meet all his obligations when the same representative has a wife and four (itinerant?) children, some other personal involvement, a constant duty to be in the House in support of his struggling Government – and when, over and above all this, he has embarked on a national campaign of writing letters to newspapers that he possibly never sees.

We published a number of Mr Litterick's recent letters purporting to advance the otherwise sound cause of removing unnecessary official secrecy. We published them, though often they had to be heavily edited to show consistency. We stopped publishing them when Mr Litterick could send merely a letter of acknowledgment to one of our readers who rationally took issue with him personally on a point of his argument. To me his credibility as an MP was then in question. I ask, on behalf of his constituents and my readers, is his credibility questionable through over-commitment publicly or privately?

Newspapers like mine are not sensational but they do seek truth. Truth, I have found, is something alien to a party political agent. And certainly facts of life can prove sometimes inconvenient for the purposes of a legal hypothesis.

BRIAN NICHOLLS
Editor

Evening Despatch
Darlington

Energy and the Future

Sir, It would most help the debate on nuclear policy if you approached the subject a little more carefully than you did in your recent leader 'Plutonium and Politics' (NS 15 April). For example, the issue before us now is not whether Britain should 'embark on the construction of fast-breeder nuclear power stations' but whether we should build *one*. The Flowers Report was not keen for us to build the first commercial-scale fast reactor, but declined to oppose its construction on environmental grounds and accepted that building a CFR1 was 'a very long way' from a plutonium economy. If we have to build a CFR1 it will be because it will be necessary to maintain a nuclear option – something the Flowers Report also specifically agreed we might have to do.

Whether we need a nuclear option depends in the first place on the balance of energy demand and supply during the 1990s and into the beginning of the 21st century. Since the world's supply of oil is expected to fall catastrophically short of demand during the 1990s, and this is likely to coincide with the opening of a steadily growing gap between demand for oil in the UK and the ability of our indigenous industry to supply it, it seems more likely than not that we shall need this nuclear option – i.e. the ability to produce substantial quantities of power from fast reactors if that will be essential to the maintenance and well-being of our society at the end of the century. We shall not have such an option if we do not proceed with the CFR1 comparatively soon. It is likely to take ten years to build and we shall need operating experience before we could be sufficiently satisfied about design and safety characteristics to embark on a programme of fast-reactors, if in the event, they should be needed.

It is true we would not have to do this if alternative energy technologies could be available to us on an economic scale by the1990s, but no one knowledgeable in this field sees any prospect of such technologies being available on the scale needed as soon as that. Of course we have massive reserves of coal, but again no one knowledgeable in the field believes we can extract economically the quantities necessary in the time available. In any event it will almost certainly be more important to use our coal increasingly for other purposes than use in our power stations. Against all this, it is possible to argue (and some do) for zero growth or even a return to an agrarian society, but either of these possibilities, if put into practice, would provide an unimaginably greater challenge to a democratic society than anything those fearful of 'a plutonium society' can possibly envisage arising from a programme of fast reactors.

Fast reactors would not themselves usher in a plutonium society since we have had one already for many years. Hundreds of tons of plutonium have been produced (almost entirely in thermal reactors) and there are something like 80,000 nuclear weapons in the world. Fast reactors would have the advantage of burning plutonium, which is a far better use for it than storing it or using it for weapons production. The real issue before us is not whether nuclear power is the nicest way to supply our energy needs two or three decades from now (up to now it has certainly been the safest) but whether modern industrial societies will be able to survive without it, as least until we have mastered the possibilities of producing the energy we require by other means.

JOHN LYONS
General Secretary
Electrical Power Engineers' Association
Chertsey, Surrey

Travelling People

Sir, I disagree with Harry Bailey (Letters 22 April) on the point he makes about different kinds of travelling people. My only qualification for so doing is that I have taught in the gypsy unit of our village school and also out on the several local sites. We are close to the GLC border and have a number of travelling families who have made our area their main base for many years, only leaving from approximately June to September to go 'down Kent' to a certain farm for work in the hop and soft-fruit fields. They are not employed by local farmers. All our families are Smiths

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or Bignalls or both . . . and nearly all are related however distantly. There is no difference between 'genuine gypsy' and 'itinerant', some are very dark, some are red-headed, most are in between. They all make their living in scrap dealing because it is so profitable as well as in tarmacing and some tree-felling.

Our *gorgio* society, no longer wanting pegs or baskets, has forced them into becoming an urban rather than a rural community and this different type of activity produces the squalor. They need to be near built up areas to obtain their materials. They certainly need 'a place of business' but I question the term 'permanent'. Permanence of any kind seems alien to travellers who have needed to adapt to changing circumstances in order to survive. It may be that this attitude will change if suitable accommodation is provided. Mr Bailey talks of 'normal gypsies' being accepted because they are clean and tidy and present no problem. I remember them 50 years ago in many parts of Kent. There are none here now. We have changed their way of life, we have used up the fields and woods whose landscape they used to blend happily into and we have not provided alternative sites. As a parish councillor I know of the half-hearted requests regularly sent out from the County to suggest sites. I know of the non-cooperation, for obvious reasons and I know of the roadside parking, the evictions and the consequent spread of litter. We have a major problem which can, and must, be solved, for the benefit of all, not only for the travelling people all of whom, here, are 'genuine'.

JOAN BUCK

11 Coombe Road
Otford, Kent

Sir, Judging by the letter from Mr Harry Bailey (NS 22 April) written in reply to the letter from Bill Forrester (NS 8 April), it would appear that we gypsies are more capable of reading than the councillor from Northamptonshire County Council. Despite the Ministry of Housing Report in 1965, the Centre for Environmental Studies report, *Gypsies and Government Policy* and, of course, the recently published John Cripps Report – all of which have described how the gypsy people have started to live in the 20th century – he can still regurgitate the trite and worthless rubbish that he does. What may I ask is the difference between 'genuine' gypsies and itinerants? Does one of his 'genuine' gypsies cease to become genuine the moment he stops making clothes pegs and deals in scrap metal, or does the change take place over a period of time? Does Mr Bailey claim to know more about gypsies than the gypsy does? Could it be that he is really attempting to camouflage his deep-rooted racial prejudice?

If one is to follow the logic of Mr Bailey's argument, presumably all genuine house-dwellers are clean and honest. The many thousands of house-dwellers who do not meet these terms of reference are I presume, not genuine house-dwellers. I would suggest that the biggest difficulty faced by local authorities in providing sites for gypsies is the arrogant blind prejudice of its councillors and the narrow-minded bigoted views they hold in opposition to all known facts. In conclusion, I would like to point out that we are not Bill Forrester's people. He is not a gypsy – genuine or otherwise.

HUGHIE SMITH
President

National Gypsy Council
Greengate Street, Oldham

Dylan Bach

Sir, John Morgan in his generous review of *Dylan Thomas* (NS 29 April) argues that when Thomas obsessively refers to himself as 'little', he is echoing the Welsh endearment, 'bach'. In the context – Thomas's rhetorical, self-dramatising letters to Pamela Hansford Johnson – it seems unlikely. But whether or not Mr Morgan's ingenious theory stands up, the case for Thomas's feelings of inadequacy (sexual and otherwise) rests on a lot more than a few dozen 'littles'. His doubts about himself were deep-rooted, visible in words and deeds. This was his tragedy, and this is what the book is about.

PAUL FERRIS

3 Granard Avenue
London SW15

The Body-Carers

Sir, Your correspondent David Watkins (Letters 29 April) must be somewhat lacking in sensitivity if he cannot understand why married women do not care for humiliating financial dependence. Most of us would much prefer to be in a position to make our own arrangements for financial security. We can see no necessary reason why widowhood should have any monetary significance, nor can we see any reason why able-bodied adult males should demand service of a nature more appropriate to small children.

To spell it out for him – marriage provides two workers for one wage-packet, plus a useful pool of cheap casual labour for boom times. Incidentally, why does he consider 'cow' to be a term of abuse? It is difficult to think of a more useful or harmless animal. Certainly not 'bull'.

N. JENNINGS

21 Ferncroft Avenue
London NW3

Sir, Were I David Watkins's wife I would make sure he was well insured and stuff him full of all the saturated hydrocarbons I could lay my hands on.

G. HILBEY

The Ferns
13 Croftway
London NW3

Mothers' Pride

Sir, I feel sufficiently annoyed to write to you about a particularly silly paragraph in the article on Harty (NS 22 April) where the author toys with the idea that Harty might be homosexual. 'It would be boring for him to "come out" if it were true', he writes. May I suggest that 'boring' is not only inappropriate – it's offensive. The author in his great worldliness forgets the terrible oppression that homosexuals still have to face in our society; if Mr Harty were homosexual and were to 'come out', then more power to him. If not, presumably he'll only ever feel compelled to deny it (and be 'self-righteous') if a sufficient number of stupid pieces like this are written about him.

GILLIAN PAUL

Department of Psychology
The University
Glasgow

Stranger than Fiction

Sir, Disturbed by one of the peripheral implications of Michael Moorcock's review of my book *Science Fiction at Large* (NS 15 April) – did he know something that I did not? – I have taken steps to clear my name. As out-patient SA 44027 of the University College Hospital Veneral Disease Clinic I can now state categorically that I do not suffer from syphilis.

PETER NICHOLLS

23 Laurier Road
London NW5

Sir, The question of whether to discuss, or not to discuss, one's private affairs and those of others while reviewing books for the NEW STATESMAN must, of course, be decided by the taste of the reviewer concerned. The reading public is, however, entitled to accuracy. In Michael Moorcock's recent review in your pages of the book *Science Fiction at Large* – whether because of a misprint by the NEW STATESMAN or Mr Moorcock's living in an alternate universe – the phrase reading 'my ex-wife's boyfriend' is an error and should, of course, read 'my wife's ex-boyfriend'. I hope this sets the matter straight.

HILARY BAILEY

87 Ladbroke Grove
London W11

Sir, With reference to Thomas Disch's letter (NS 29 April), I can only think Mr Disch was moved by malice in reviving old scandals which never had an ounce of truth to them in the first place. His remarks concerning my close friendship with John Brunner (whom I haven't seen in over two years) are completely unwarranted, but could have something to do with the fact that Mrs Disch (*née* Hargreave) is the current Mrs Nicholls.

MICHAEL MOORCOCK

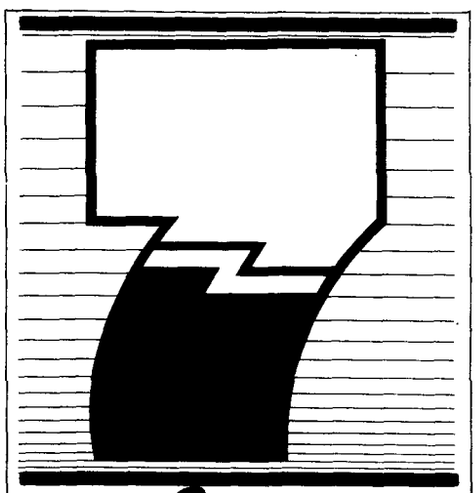
52 Floral Street
London WC2

The Dear Departed

Sir, Soon after that At Home with Mr Aitken where Mr Fenton met the LSE Department of Government I met Mr F at an LSE reception following a lecture given by a professor of that department. Introduce me to a Leftie, cried Mr F. Gone, I said, gone every one.

JOHN GRIFFITH

London School of Economics
Houghton Street
London WC2



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MAY BOOKS

Russell Davies

An Interesting Greatness

The Freedom of the Poet by JOHN BERRYMAN *Faber/Farrar, Straus, Giroux* £6.95

On 7 January 1970 John Berryman took the first step towards publishing a collection of essays when he submitted to Farrar, Straus and Giroux a draft statement about his critical practice, along with a formal table of contents. Robert Giroux reports that in an accompanying letter Berryman added, 'characteristically': 'Hurrah for me: my prose collection is going to be a *beauty*.' On 13 May 1971 he signed a contract with the company. And on 7 January 1972 Giroux heard that Berryman had jumped off a high bridge over the Mississippi, and was dead.

Giroux calls this news 'incredible', though surely only the circumstances of the suicide – and the thought of the baggy, Crusoe-bearded figure blundering publicly into the void – can have occasioned disbelief. The deed itself had never seemed improbable, especially to those familar with the details of the poet's early life. When he was a boy, and not called Berryman at all, his father, a banker named Smith, used to threaten to swim out to sea and drown himself, taking one or other of his sons down with him. When at last he shot himself instead, it was outside John's bedroom window. Another banker, Mr Berryman, became the boys' stepfather. John, who had been as devout and active a Roman Catholic as infancy permits, switched abruptly to Episcopalianism; but at Columbia University, under Mark Van Doren, he abandoned religions altogether, and took up Yeats and Auden. It is from this point that we can begin to know Berryman from his essays, though they will virtually always disguise from us the fact that he was becoming a desperate drinker, a savage depressive, and, as a sexual being, so emptily predatory as to qualify as an abuser rather than a pursuer of women.

Not surprisingly, this is a book which is liable to leave you with a buzzing head, but the reasons for this do not reflect badly on Berryman. His ambition here takes the form of an interest in greatness, and he is prepared to work hard, and usually humbly, to expose some of its working parts. In the first four sections of the collection, which deal respectively with the Elizabethans, European minds, American fiction and 20th-century poetry, he dives into some very big subjects: 'Shakespeare at Thirty', 'Conrad's Journey', 'The Freedom of the Don' (Quixote), 'The Ritual of W. B. Yeats', 'The Poetry of Ezra Pound'; and he is not afraid to grasp them by the smallest details, and work hugely outwards. The problem, though, is that Berryman has a mind that plays instinctively – sometimes to the point of fidgeting – with cross-references, corollaries, small withdrawals and re-emphases of conviction: all things commonly footnoted or excisable. Dragging forth one of his more spectacular pile-ups, from the middle of a complex argument, would be maliciously pointless; but his remark 'I would like to gloss this a little more' is characteristic – in truth, the book positively coruscates with glosses – and from the gangly-jointed job he makes of the explanatory anecdote in question you can get some idea of the possibilities:

> I once went to see a Chaplin film that I had missed in its first run – *Modern Times* – at a small cinema on Third Avenue (as it then was) in New York that apparently never closes, in the morning.

This is as near to the case of the piano for a lady with carved wooden legs as I have seen a stylistic theoretician allow himself to come. Certainly it does nothing to reinforce the very understandable complaint voiced in Berryman's essay on Nashe: 'It is hard to measure what has been lost in our prose by the uniform adoption of a straight-on, mechanical word-order (reflecting our *thoughtless* speech).' It's altogether unfortunate that this desire of Berryman's to reintroduce into prose a poetic compression, and thereby perhaps a new exactitude, had to coexist with his mania for the academic punctilio of signalling and exemplifying. A wise reader will keep Berryman's source-books close at hand, to restore from time to time his faith in straightforwardness and continuity.

It's in the Elizabethan area that Berryman best supplies such a faith on his own account. The quality of his teeming enthusiasm in the essays on Marlowe, Nashe and the young Shakespeare is never quite matched elsewhere. Something in the strange discipline of literary archaeology – the piecing together of shards and shreds of lives, and the matching of these against the bastardised literary fragments that survive – appealed to him in a way that critical reinterpretation could not. The chance partly to invent the subjects one was expert in, maybe, flattered the artist in Berryman while encouraging the pedant to prodigies of scrupulous conjecture. At all events, Shakespeare's is the kind of indestructible greatness Berryman can for once *relax* and admire, and he can even celebrate by indulging once in a while his taste for archaically folksy inversion: 'What is your physical image for this man I don't know.' He must have enjoyed dropping that one in: a plummy sentence that toys with the appearance of illiteracy.

The second section of the book takes us, with all kinds of a crash, into Europe: 'The Development of Anne Frank', a product of Berryman's mind as it was in 1967. This is a moving essay – how could an essay fail to be moving that knows it's going to end with this sentence: 'She remained able to weep with pity, in Auschwitz, for naked gypsy girls driven past to the crematory, and she died in Belsen'? But behind Berryman's admirably serious championing of the girl's diary, which he takes to be the first fully aware account, from within, of 'the conversion of a child into a person', one feels he is fixing on her somewhat desperately as a sanity-totem. It's not just that 'my analyst' puts in a let's-be-honest appearance as early as the fourth line of the piece; it's Berryman's ceaseless nurturing and refining of an image of unsullied wisdom, which can leave you wondering if perhaps his childhood notion of the Virgin is resuming a disguised hold over his allegiance. The essay was not published in Berryman's lifetime, and if it had been one must have feared, I think, for the well-being of a writer who plainly felt cut off – excommunicated – from what amounts to the dogma of normality. A Berryman who is well on the way to this state may be discerned in 'Conrad's Journey' of 1962, a piece which makes standard Freudian inroads into a Conrad paragaph that shrieks dream-symbolism: full of holes in hillsides and drainage-pipes. But Berryman is reticent about operating on this passage with tools borrowed from his analyst; it's as though he feels that, once started on a course of voyeurism into the creative unconscious, he couldn't stop. He never published the article.

He is not uniformly happier, either, among his Americans. Stephen Crane was a speciality of his, and his two late pieces on Crane will certainly do much to send English readers back – or forward – to *The Red Badge of Courage*: but Dreiser, to my sense, remains immune to Berryman's fluence, as to many another's. Here we reach the self-destroyers. A 1946 inquiry into Scott Fitzgerald is full of implicit advice-to-self which Berryman could only half heed: he was destined not to sell out, of course (what had he to sell?), but addled his talent just the same. By 1956, advice has become warning. A piece on Ring Lardner proves exceptionally uncharitable; and though there are sound reasons why Lardner may be posthumously chided for neglecting his talent, it is not hard to find more urgent reasons why Berryman should so openly fail to sympathise with him. Berryman even gets off his academic podium to slang the benighted sot: 'He was a boozer from way back; began as a kid and improved.' There are many acute critical remarks here, but in the end they seem incidental to the chastening vision Berryman creates of Lardner the sobbing failure – a vision he cannot sustain without treating Lardner's achievements as a humorist in brutally dismissive

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fashion. At the same time, he is undoubtedly right in concluding that 'His art did nothing *for* Lardner.'

So what did criticism do for Berryman? Without doubt he did make use of it, on occasion, to straighten himself up. There is always enough detailed perceiving going on in what he writes to satisfy the most mature reader, but what some of the essays add up to in the end, one feels – and particularly in the cases of Whitman and Pound – is a discreet search by Berryman for a vote of confidence in his own poetic practice: a matter of grandiose designs, his commitment to which must frequently have needed reinforcement and ratification. Strong on details, his accounts of Whitman's 'Song of Myself' and Pound's *Cantos* really say as a whole not much more than that these enterprises, though big and egotistical, are nonetheless OK. Thus Whitman's 'Song' works because 'we have been with him now so long in a personal way'; Berryman must have had hopes of similarly ingratiating himself, but not many critics, so far, have felt so comfortably at home with his *Dream Songs*. The fact that the Pound piece is dated 1949, however, suggests a larger courage; Berryman is far more generous to Lowell than could have been expected; and we should not forget either his very sound and early tributes to Dylan Thomas.

There are several signs in the book – not least in the proviso-ridden dodging of the prose – that Berryman could have been (perhaps often was) the most infuriating and wonderful of teachers. Apart from his conscience-rousing short story, 'The Imaginary Jew', the best of the semi-fictional pieces in the fifth and last section of the book is an extraordinary dramatisation of a jaded Professor's attempts to teach 'Lycidas' to a bunch of variably alert and sceptical American youths. The Professor's inner state – fatigue laced with panic, shaken together with the most bizarrely clashing flavours of intellectual snobbery and humility before greatness – would seem to be the classic Berryman turmoil. But concern for the truth of Milton's poem, amazingly, survives all. The real freedom of the poet is the freedom to be understood, and only men of Berryman's talent, as well he knew, can preserve it.

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V. S. Pritchett

The Brownian Dispersion

Sanya: My Husband Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
by NATALYA RESHETOVSKAYA *Hart-Davis, MacGibbon* £4.95

This portrait of Solzhenitsyn and the story of love and marriage which ended in divorce in 1970 is told by his ex-wife, now a lecturer in chemistry living in Moscow. On paper the marriage lasted for 30 years; in fact, owing to the war and Solzhenitsyn's imprisonment and his exile afterwards in Kazakhstan and in hospital in Tashkent, the pair spent only one year together after their wedding in 1940. The separation was almost total until 1956. For long periods they could not be in direct touch with each other by letter. Behind these bleak facts is her tale of a devotion eroded by a cynical political tyranny, by distance and time and (more embittering for the author) the eventual loss to another woman after the 16 years in which the couple were re-united.

Moving as the wife's narrative is, it is also scrappy and an industrious and lamentable attempt at vengeance, not directed at the political tyranny – and considering she worked with her husband and accepted his ideas without question, this is strange. The attack is solely upon his character. Such rancours are human enough; we can sympathise with her in her misery, but there is a schoolmistressy pretentiousness and a complete lack of imagination in her often pettifogging analysis of his defects as a writer and a man. Both husband and wife were agonised by their separation and both idealised; but whereas she was free to follow a successful life as a university professor, did well as a pianist, had home and kin and a kind circle of friends, he was forced to live in a vacuum. For him time was arrested; for her, it took its normal course. One cannot blame her for revising her view of him, after what has happened – we all revise – but we can suspect a motive beyond the purely personal in her book. Solzhenitsyn is a dissident in exile: she is teaching in Moscow. It is as well to be cautious and right-thinking there. I do not know whether her book is published in the Soviet Union, but what she thinks of as a scientific attitude to him and his work will please the orthodox and the waverers, without raising the embarrassing issue of her earlier collaboration with him.

Solzhenitsyn himself has not concealed that he was despotic, arrogant and impatient as a young Komsomol, out to rule and win: this attracted her then. Self-centredness was natural to talent. Her central attack now is on his evasiveness and untruthfulness; he lacks the exact scientist's view of truth! *The First Circle* and *The Gulag* are drawn directly from people he knew: some have complained that what he has written is not exact. Some allow for imagination. Koka, his friend in the happy circle in which some grew up with him as students, said in an interview with an American paper, that Solzhenitsyn casually gave away his name and therefore incriminated him at the interrogation before the trial. (However, their correspondence was known to those censors on the look-out for disaffection). Natalya Reshetovskaya finds her husband's explanation light or careless and that, determined to be either hero or martyr, he always puts himself in the best light, regardless of the feelings of others. Discussing the *Gulag*, she says:

> The dominant feature of Aleksandr Isaevich's character once again came to the fore: the will to believe in what he would like to believe, in what accords with his preconceptions. Aleksandr has always believed unqualifiedly in any tale that did not contradict to him. Directly he came upon an idea he was only interested in confirming it.

How unscientific! If only he had read Professor Kobozev on *The Thermodynamics of the Process of Thought and Information*, as she has done. I take this passage from her quotation from the Professor's work because, she says – with comical pomposity – it has 'confirmed her opinion':

> The Brownian dispersion, the deviation of the organism from the designated vectoral trajectory – perhaps even designated erroneously – causes it to collide with new elements of reality that could be useful to it, i.e. they report on a variety of information . . .

Apparently the scientist, writer or artist, or any human being will benefit by 'a moderate dose of the Brownian dispersion, plus the receipt of additional information at its expense . . .' Solzhenitsyn and above all the West, have had an overdose:

> In the West, on the basis of this unscientific analysis, there is a tendency to draw conclusions on global problems. I am left with the impression that the significance of *The Gulag Archipelago* is being over-estimated and wrongly appraised there.

A routine statement that might have come straight from the Writers' Union. Solzhenitsyn suffers from the prison mentality which

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has lost contact with the outside world. Still, she *did* work with her husband on the material of the book:

> Its central purpose was not to present the life of the country or even to depict daily life in a camp, but to present a collection of camp folk lore. Moreover at this time I became familiar with the notes. They were not designed for publication. This was merely 'raw material' which my husband was planning to use in his future productions.

Possibly and possibly not: if the book was an enormous accumulation, the second volume was notably well-ordered. It was well written. She has skipped now or forgotten the scathing moral passion that sustains it. She has also forgotten that her husband was collecting the suppressed part of the history of the Stalin period, which inevitably survived in collective rumour. He understood that the minds of the repressed are driven underground and that the life of the Zek was a parody of life outside; each person knew he was becoming unreal. He noted the fantasies, the seasonal 'bouts of day-dreaming about amnesty.

She has forgotten that the book was a literary experiment and that in this goes back to the tradition of Belinsky who, under a tyrannical and closed bureaucracy, secreted into his casual reviews the underground voice of the people. If Solzenhitsyn was sick, the State made him so. His ex-wife reveals her own isolation when she thinks the West misunderstands him. Many dislike the old Slavophil tone, but understand his derivation. They know the Dostoevskian and Tolstoyan mixtures and that writers do not work in a laboratory. It is Natalya Reshetovskaya who is unimaginative now.

The poor injured woman is interesting on her daily life. She knew that it was as well not to be recognised too often as the wife of an imprisoned man and here she was helped because, under Soviet Law, she retained her own name after marriage. This was a help in getting jobs though it was tricky when she applied for a nominal divorce of convenience and had to state her husband's name. She is candid about the emotional strain of her situation: she notes how she and he became dim figures to each other as the years passed: heart and mind separated. A long-delayed letter would ignite memory and then once more it dimmed. Her long and drastic self-control weakened and it is not surprising that eventually she agreed to a happy unofficial marriage with a fellow professor. (In his provincial exile he too made an attempt at marriage.) She broke with her professor at once when Solzenhitsyn was freed and she was reproached by her friends who thought she behaved badly: this is the only fault she allows herself. The tragic irony is that, after a marriage that had lasted little more than a year, the couple had both changed. They were certainly happy, though she found him frugal, but he had come home to start profiting by the freedom denied him and ready for the plunge into the dangers of the fame he earned. Prison is not a training for marriage. The Brownian dispersion that causes the object to collide with new objects had helped history to do its indifferent job but, understandably, in her bitter pages this has not occurred to our chemist. It is, of course, no comfort.

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John Bayley

Don Man

Problems in the Literary Biography of Mikhail Sholokhov by ROY A. MEDVEDEV translated by A. D. P. Briggs *Cambridge* £6.90

How much of Branwell Brontë is there in *Wuthering Heights*? Could Wilkie Collins have created a masterpiece by completing *Edwin Drood*? In the history of the English novel such speculations are of slight importance. But in what Soviet society sees as the most important Russian novel of the century, a question of disputed authorship means a very great deal. It is a matter of propriety as well as pride. Soviet achievement must have its epic and its hero author: and these seemed ready-made in Mikhail Sholokhov and his massive panoramic work *The Quiet Don* (the phrase *tikhii Don* occurs in Pushkin; its irony as an epic title – less effective when Englished as *And Quiet Flows the Don*).

But what if this young Stakhanovite among writers – he was only 24 when he completed the great book – had in fact plagiarised it wholesale from a much older writer, a genuine Cossack, who died of typhus during the retreat of the White armies to the Kuban in 1920, reputedly leaving behind him a mass of unrecovered material? This may have been no less than the artefact of an extensive novel, perhaps even to be called *The Quiet Don*, dealing with the role and the fate of Cossack society in the war and revolution. The irony would be that this writer, Kryukov, though he was not a reactionary and held no brief for Tsarism, was a passionate proponent of the Cossack way of life, and saw clearly that it was doomed by the logic and methods of the Bolsheviks. The epic detachment of *The Quiet Don*, which has often been commented on by Soviet critics, and not always without disapproval, notwithstanding its hagiographical status, would then be explained as not inherent in the nature of the work, but as the result of its real author's attitudes.

For impartiality is not a Russian characteristic; if it were, their great literature would lack much of its peculiar vitality. The wide perspective of *War and Peace* is designed to prove, which it does very effectively, that the Russian family was the saviour of Europe in 1812, and saw off Napoleon and his French system by being so magnificently unlike them. Even Pushkin's marvellous poem, *The Bronze Horseman*, which seems told from so far back, is also a paean of praise to Petersburg and against Poland. Dostoevsky is as dedicated to his thesis in *The Devils* as Solzhenitsyn is in *August 1914* and *Lenin in Zurich*.

And in fact Solzhenitsyn has denounced Sholokhov in no uncertain terms, simplified and exaggerated the case against him, and assumed it proven. Medvedev's book by contrast, as the title indicates, is a work of temperate and scrupulous inquiry, critical scholarship of the best Russian kind, and well served by an excellent translation. But its real purpose is no less anti-Soviet. All the more effectively for keeping so calm, it implies that if the reputation of the premier author of the Soviet Union is founded on a lie and a cheat, this is not surprising, because the whole pretension of the present regime is a lie and a cheat as well.

Kryukov the White Cossack has never been rehabilitated in the Soviet Union; he remains an unperson, his considerable body of printed work and stories never republished. Because this is so, and because he was on the losing side, Medvedev's argument suggests he must be a good author – perhaps a very good one – while because Sholokhov became so famous, the protegé of Stalin himself, he must be a bad one. The matter does not look quite like that to an outsider, attempting to judge the book on its real merits. Every educated Russian today knows *The Quiet Don* as well as he knows Pushkin or *War and Peace*, and its comparable stature as one of the great books of the 20th century is taken for granted by Medvedev. But though it's certainly remarkable, and contains memorable things, *The Quiet Don* may seem to us in many ways an imitation book, full of self-conscious over-writing, idylls and horrors overdone, many of the characters stereotypes.

And this, oddly enough, could be an argument for Sholokhov's authorship. Like many Russian critics, Medvedev admits the novel's unevenness and lapses; but he explains them as the result of Sholokhov's impositions on the authentic material of the older writer, his callowness, and the party line he was already taking. Epic authority and tragic vision, and above all the intimate knowledge and love of Cossack ways – these are Kryukov's. But again, to the outsider who is inclined to be persuaded by the evidence of dual authorship in some form, both writers appear to have considerable talent and insight, enhanced and synergised by whatever process of concertment took place: neither is of outstanding genius. Of course, none of Sholokhov's detractors would deny that the whole novel – the manuscript has conveniently disappeared – was rewritten by him in some way, and he himself has always stoutly denied plagiarism.

Though it has only lately been used as a weapon in the main ideological war, speculation about Sholokhov's materials has always been going on in Soviet literary circles. How, it was asked, could so young a man have such a mature and humane view of things, as well as so intimate a knowledge of campaigning in the first war, in which he was too young to take part, and of the subsequent civil war in the south, in which his participation was marginal? This is surely no great problem, if Sholokhov had access to copious material from various sources, both written and oral, and a remarkable ability – a touch of what is so instinctive and embodied in Shakespeare – for identifying with the situations he had read about and heard recounted.

According to the evidence this is just what may have happened. In 1923, aged 19, Sholokhov married a 25-year-old Cossack girl called Mariya Gromoslavsky. Her father, a clerk in a Cossack regiment, appears to have been with Kryukov when he died; he and his son were both interested in writing and in the preservation of Cossack lore. Irrespective of how much of Kryukov's actual material had survived, Sholokhov's chameleonic talent would have found its chance in this family atmosphere and the reminiscences and experiences he heard from his in-laws. There is no doubt of his affection for them or his loyalty; he did all he could to help them when they were exiled by the new regime, and his later fame protected them. As Medvedev shows in detail, Sholokhov's earlier stories have a fairly simplistic 'red' orientation, and this may well have been overlaid and humanised by the society into which he married, with its populist rather than Party instincts and views.

In a sense the most potent evidence for Sholokhov's plagiarism is his subsequent collapse as a creative writer. *Virgin Soil Upturned*, an 'epic' of Stalin's collectivisation policy and the expropriation of the Kulaks, has touches of sympathy, perhaps left over from the atmosphere of the previous novel, but in the main it is a leaden and servile affair. Sholokhov served as a war correspondent, collecting stories from the front, which Stalin would not permit him to get close to, and it is significant that he attempts the same technique which may

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have served him so well in his first novel – giving life and shape to *other* peoples' experiences – but the magic has departed.

It might be said that the phenomenal success of *The Quiet Don* shows the continued sound judgment of the Russian reader, however brainwashed he may have been by more standardised Soviet fiction. The final irony, unremarked in Medvedev's thesis, is that a collusion between two or more temperaments, the young and the old, the traditional and the orthodox, may well have produced, against the conscious will of the controlling party, one of the few real novels to come out of Soviet culture. Besides, all the reading world loves a loser, a fact which was of as much profit to Sir Walter Scott as to Margaret Mitchell. The romance and extinction of the Cossack way way of life fills the same bill to a nicety.

Rosalind Mitchison

Undisguised

Mary of Guise by ROSALIND K. MARSHALL
Collins £6.00

Rosalind Marshall gave us, a few years ago, a delightful study of a great 17th-century Scottish household in *The Days of Duchess Anne*. Here she brings much the same approach, the sympathetic reconstruction of a personal world, to an earlier period and to a character of greater political significance. It is interesting to see why the technique which worked so well in one case is inadequate to provide a full biography in the other.

Dr Marshall is a careful archivist, with a genuine feel for the material setting of a life and a warm appreciation of character. For some time Mary of Guise has been recognised as an efficient and conscientious administrator, a ruler much more concerned with the actual business of government than was her daughter, Mary Queen of Scots. Here we can see how she learned to use her considerable charm and to overlay her native honesty with discretion. She showed both courage and persistence in difficult circumstances, first in her marriage to an unstable and unpopular king, later in her long widowhood. We are shown the constant movement of 16th-century courts from palace to palace, castle to castle, and how the basic inefficiencies of these buildings were overcome with furniture, hangings and a horde of servants. We see lavish expenditure on fabrics. Flowered velvets and cloth of gold were essential as status symbols.

Another moving feature of this book is the constant presence of death. Mary, a woman of apparently splendid physique, buried two young husbands and four out of five children before succumbing to heart failure and dropsy at 44. What part in this high youthful mortality, one wonders, was played by constant movement, by misconceived principles of child care, by over-exertion at table? In the next generation the high occupational causes of death appear

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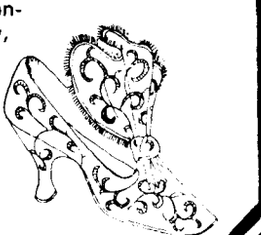

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to have been political murder and execution. High mortality was a vital element in the movement of international politics, for it meant that the future shape of Europe could hang upon the survival of a single infant, as it did with Mary's own daughter.

When James V of Scotland was offered the young widow, Mary of Guise, as a bride, he got more than he deserved, either as a man or a monarch. James was an oblique, unstable man with a taste for extortion. Mary was a handsome, intelligent and adaptable lady from a family which was rapidly coming to the fore by displaying these qualities. As James's widow she preserved the rights of their daughter from attacks by the king of England and from internal quarrels within Scotland, by allowing Scotland to become a colony of France. The young queen, sent to France, married the French heir and signed away the independence of her country. This was the policy of Mary of Guise, to be undone almost immediately in the Protestant rebellion in Scotland.

Mary's career raises questions which cannot be answered by considering only her day-to-day dealings with shifty Scottish magnates, but require a wider historical approach. The first question must be about James's own failure as a king. Mary was apparently pleased and surprised at the level of material comfort she met in the palaces of his backward country. Perhaps he was raising too much money for these. Still today the vast bulk of his favourite palace of Linlithgow looms up beside one of Scotland's scraps of motorway, as a record of expensive building. Dr Marshall shows how he had pensioned off his illegitimate sons into church offices. The use of the church as a form of lavish child benefit allowance contributed to the collapse of Catholicism. James was also scooping money out of the church for himself.

A bigger issue, and closer to Mary's own aims, is the role of the house of Guise. The almost haphazard selection of Mary as the price of the French alliance with James gave this house, by the accident of death, the chance to become a miniature Habsburg line. In 1558 the Guises possessed in Mary Queen of Scots the best theoretical claim to the English throne, and a united monarchy of Scotland and France. But even without the death of Francis II, which broke up this framework of power, Mary had over-reached herself. Scotland had been one of the first states in Europe to display a recognisable type of nationalism. It was also a country where the art of making war on the monarch was well developed: reverence for the authority of the state was low. The Guises, only half French themselves, may have been slow to appreciate the force of nationalism. The idea played no part in the Habsburg policy of joining kingdoms by their dynasties as if they were merely bits of landed estate. Some of these unions lasted, some came unstuck, but not usually straightaway, so the policy was not obviously unsound. But it should have been clear to Mary after 20 years in Scotland that this was a country where the union would come unstuck very soon. The Scottish magnates had gone hand in hand with France only because England was the greater menace. Given a pause in English aggression, French imperialism could be seen for what it was. In the long run England had more to offer than had France: peace on the Border, a more assimilable culture, Protestantism and the English Bible. Nothing comparable was available from France.

For it was the religious dimension which finally overwhelmed Mary's French colonial system, and it is in this dimension that Dr Marshall is weakest. She treats the power structure of Europe as static, and does not delve into the gradual polarisation of belief. Her remark that Elizabeth of England was known by all to be a Protestant reveals how little of the ambiguities of the situation she has grasped. Elizabeth had to accept Protestantism because only in the eyes of Protestants was she legitimate. We still have little clue to her personal religious preference. Ambiguities all over Europe were being resolved in the 1550s. The Council of Trent was reformulating traditional Catholicism in the mould we recognise today, but this was not a foregone conclusion. Only late in the decade did systematic repression of heresy start in France. Archbishop Hamilton was still trying to push the Scottish church into a policy of old-fashioned reform, but his priorities show how little he realised the urgency of the situation. It has been alleged of Mary of Guise that in the manoeuvres necessary to gain acceptance for her French policy she allowed Protestantism to gain support in Scotland until it reached a level where repression was no longer feasible. This theme is not raised in this book; author and subject seem united in surprise at the rebellion of the Lords of the Congregation. The author seems to feel that Protestantism was only a mask for land-grabbing and insurrection. Most of the leading figures in the 16th-century wars of religion had a way of supporting the cause that brought most benefit to themselves. The threadbare Scottish nobility was reacting in the same way as the house of Habsburg or, later, the house of Guise. Self-interest does not eliminate religious belief, and to understand the storm that destroyed Mary's policy in the ineffective fighting round Edinburgh it is necessary to get to grips with the powerful dogma of Calvinism. The great tide of religious determinism cannot be dismissed as mere opportunism. Religion and nationalism combined to defeat Mary of Guise. Probably either alone would have achieved the same result, but more slowly.

Mary Holland

Fallen Apart

Patrick Pearse: The Triumph of Failure by RUTH DUDLEY EDWARDS *Gollancz* £7.95

In the British Army GHQ outside Belfast there is a press room festooned with maps, telephonic gadgets and boards showing the changing statistics of violent incidents. On one of the walls is pinned a copy of the Proclamation of an Irish Republic which Patrick Pearse read to a small crowd of random bystanders outside the GPO in Dublin on Easter Monday 1916. When I asked the genial colonel in charge why it was there he replied 'Oh, because I think it's so funny. I've got another copy in the loo at home.'

It is very easy to patronise the inflated rhetoric and aspirations not only of the Proclamation but of the man who wrote it, as Ruth Dudley Smith demonstrates in her new biography of Pearse. 'Demythologizing 1916' is currently a favourite occupation among

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such intellectual Irish politicians (or political intellectuals) as exist. The argument of the myth breakers goes like this. By 1916 Home Rule for Ireland had become inevitable and was shelved only to the end of the war. By going out to fight on Easter Monday Pearse and his fellows made a futile, unthought-out gesture, and one which has since proved historically fatal for Ireland. After the Easter rebellion any hope of a constitutional way forward, which might encompass the problem of Northern Ireland, was impossible. Violence had become enshrined and enobled as a political weapon. In that they knew what they were doing, diverting the course of Irish history from the constitutional path pursued by O'Connell and Parnell, the men of the Easter Rising were culpable, barbaric, self-indulgent.

To all these charges no one is more vulnerable than Patrick Pearse, the son of an English stone carver who moved to Dublin in the 1860s when a boom in Catholic church architecture led to an increased demand for marble angels and the like. Ms Dudley Edwards does not think very much of Pearse. The tone of her book ranges from pained irritation to outright hostility. But even a more sympathetic biographer coming new to the subject would have to admit that Pearse's qualities are not designed to appeal to a modern audience. He was overserious, desperately self-improving, awkward in close personal relationships. He became obsessional about the causes which interested him – the Irish language and the need to revive Irish cultural identity, the school he founded in Dublin to promulgate these aims, and finally his involvement in separatist politics. On all these subjects Pearse could be and apparently often was earnest to the point of tedium. But the author's case against him concerns more than mere priggishness. She believes that his determination that an armed uprising should be staged in Dublin in 1916 was a monstrous act of self-indulgence, that by then he had become obsessed with the idea of dying for Ireland. The concluding words of the book are a forceful condemnation of Pearse's life and the manner of his death.

And yet, as the evidence is presented it becomes clear that quite a different portrait could have emerged, of a man gentle to a fault, light years ahead of most of his contemporaries on educational matters, generous in admission of his errors, and apparently quite without pettiness. It is true that as he moved deeper into nationalist politics Pearse's obsession with the need for a show of arms against the British became all-consuming, and he went over the top in his rhetoric about a 'blood sacrifice', a fact which drew scathing comment from the practical James Connolly. But this was a time when notions of death and sacrifice were almost irresistibly in the European air. Was Pearse's obsession so much greater or more unbalanced than that of many young Englishmen who went off to fight in France? Ironically, what strikes one is how many of his qualities were the old-fashioned ones of a Christian gentleman.

For 50 years afterwards the men who led the Easter uprising, and in particular Pearse, were canonised by the institutions of the Irish state. That isn't really surprising. The first half century of independence was less than spectacularly successful. Ireland did not achieve economic independence, nor sufficient prosperity to provide adequately for her own people. Thousands of them continued to leave every year on the emigrant boats. As a nation she failed to fight her way free of the Catholic church and this held back progress on social and libertarian issues. The one thing which Ireland had achieved against extraordinary odds, and in which her people could take a legitimate pride, was her very existence as a sovereign and independent state. That is what the Easter Rising was about, and even today, with the appalling unresolved problems of the North on their doorstep, very few people in Ireland would want it any other way.

Valentine Cunningham

Ascent of I. A.

Complementarities: Uncollected Essays by I. A. RICHARDS edited by John Paul Russo *Carcanet New Press* £6.00

F. R. Leavis is fond of recalling that when he alone spoke up for Empson – who had fled pre-war Cambridge in the dust-up after his college servant came across 'sexual engines' (contraceptives) in his kit – I. A. Richards regretfully conceded that, unlike Leavis, he wasn't 'a moral hero'. This marvellously instructive volume of previously ungathered essays, spanning Richards's whole publishing career from his first piece 'Art and Science' for Middleton Murry's *Athenaeum* (1919) to a *TLS* review of Helen Vendler on George Herbert (1975), gives one strenuously to doubt that denial. Certainly, if there is a hero of the modern study of literature it is I. A. Richards, the 'guideless climber'. The team roped on behind him – from famous pupils and influencees like Leavis and Empson down to all the rest of us clinging perilously on to whatever strands and frayed ends are still going, for assistance across crevasse and glacier – he has led us all high into his critical Alps. In his fine and revealing essay 'The Lure of High Mountaineering' (1927) Richards, enthusiastic mountaineer, describes

> what happens in the mind of the guideless climber, experienced enough to know what he is doing, when he is engaged upon an ascent which is just within his powers as the leader of his party

What was happening in the mind of this pioneer of literary criticism and of semantics (the founder, allow yourself to be reminded, of Practical Criticism and so of Cambridge English, and that of most other universities; the only begetter of the crucial terms 'tenor' and 'vehicle' for discussing metaphor; joint-begetter with C. K. Ogden of Basic English; first person, he reckons, to give public academic lectures on *Ulysses* – 'the blue lavatory' – at Harvard in 1931; and so on and on), what the mind of this truly considerable intellectual hero has been in its astonishingly creative, stun-

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Michael Joseph

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ningly kept-up career, these essays go a long way towards charting.

A mental giant, a modern master, then; but, for all that, a *moral* hero? At first sight, indeed, it's the rigour rather than the morality of his enterprise that's to the fore. In 'an age of confusion', as he labelled the first quarter of our century, he strove to import into literary studies the precisions of the scientific enterprise. Scientific analogies multiply: his procedures and strategies, even his merest good idea or bright notion, become his experiments, apparatuses, machines, instruments and fine measurements, his systems and triangulations, his engineering. Insistently done by numbers, the effort at precision can possess a comically bogus confidence. Emotions come into art, we're told, in six important ways; 'expression' has six or eight current usages; religion has at least three failings. Here, evidently, Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity* got its sponsorship. But why seven? Why only seven? Sceptic murmurs of that sort are brushed aside in the supreme mission to clear minds and meanings of darkening blur. A chief problem of philosophy and criticism is that 'the words we use . . . have many meanings not the same for different users'. So Richards (and Ogden), Basic English, the numbered philosophical word-list proposed in 'Multiple Definition', even amendments to our orthography (Richards suggest devices like superscript question marks and the addition of 'etc.' in situations of verbal doubt), will pat and tidy, quarter and confine. And admirable though in many ways this almost 18th-century warfare against language's slipperiness might be, it's scarcely very moral. In fact it often looks chillingly counter-human. In one of the notes that the editor has got him to add to each piece, Richards confides the surprise he and Ogden felt after their *The Meaning of Meaning*: 'our exhibit of type-specimen absurdities had little effect even on those who enjoyed it.' Given people's and language's widespread refusal to be prussianised, there must be something else; and to his credit – moral as well as intellectual – Richards hit on it. With the aid, admittedly, of another analogy drawn from physics – Niels Bohr's complementarity principle.

If in physics quite contradictory facts can be equally true, why not also in language, in scholarship, in all areas of our behaviour and belief? Complementarity ran hearteningly to the deeps of Richards's lifelong concern. Twice he quotes the same passage from Bohr:

> Our task can only be to aim at communicating experiences and views to others by means of language, in which the practical use of every word stands in a complementary relation to attempts at its strict definition.

In this light, linguistic and poetic ambiguity can be, must be, gladly entertained; and scholars and critics won't bitch and wrangle, nor, like the prophetic Cambridge philosophers of Richards's youth, deny existence and validity to their intellectual predecessors. And here, irrefutably, consists Richards's moral heroism, that bears so rebukingly on what's common praxis in the professional critical world he did more than most to spawn, bears perhaps most pointedly of all on the habitual practice of F. R. Leavis himself. It's a fine liberalism, and it hones particularly Richards's repeated efforts (several of them here) at facing the awkward question of how to take beliefs in poetry that conflict with one's own beliefs.

A self-confessed infidel, Richards above all believes in English as a civilising, peaceable instrument. Hence Basic English: planned to be not just a mode of universal literacy but an instigator of universal 'sanity'. For salvation Leavis looked to the English School; Richards looks beyond his old creation to his hoped-for new one – an English-speaking world. And the most strikingly difficult of his complementarities remains his anticipation of future catastrophe *and* utopia. The 'fabric' was 'cracking' in 1927; he now believes a 'world crisis' is on us. But 'ability to read poetry well has (unlike literacy in general) been improving in recent decades', and since the 'poetries' are humanising, the future he (good evolutionary optimist) has always looked forward to is still undaunting. A lot depends on that not being what it seems – the most foolish of all whistlings in the dark.

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Julian Symons

The Lioness

The Lonely Hunter: A Biography of Carson McCullers by VIRGINIA SPENCER CARR *Peter Owen* £8.50

Passages in the early life of Lula Carson Smith. Age around 3½: 'I want books – lots of books, Mama.' Mama provides them, but then finds Lula facing a blank wall, or looking out of the window. 'What are you doing, precious?' 'Thinking, Mama, thinking. That's fine, too.'

Age 4. Mama sends her to the neighbourhood grocery, says 'Get some niggertoes.' *Niggertoes*? Sensitive Lula cannot repeat the degrading syllables, whispers, 'A pound of coloured toes, please', doesn't get served. Niggertoes are brazil nuts.

Age 6. 'Her talent had burgeoned in an inexplicable manner', as her biographer says. 'I can play that ole "Prisoner's Love Song" just like it sounded in the movie today', she says, and does. 'Come here my precious darling, play the piano'; Mama cries, and neighbours drop their needlepoint.

Age 13, Lula is stricken from the record. She is now Carson Smith. At 17 a family heirloom, a diamond and emerald ring, is sold to send her to New York, where she is to study. With $500 pinned to her underwear she takes the train. Mama says 'Don't ever forget who you are. And know that soon you're going to be famous.' Mama was right. Six years later, in 1940, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* is published. Both the book and the person took New Yorkers by storm.

What have I ever done, the ghost of Carson McCullers must be crying, to deserve a biographer like Virginia Spencer Carr? One whose passion for the insignificant is matched only by her unerring ability to home in on a cliché, even though she may be ignorant of what the cliché means. ('She was a star who had hoisted herself by her own petard from a South she ambivalently loved and hated.') Mrs Carr provides family genealogies covering six pages, a chronology takes up 11, a parade of notes, four pages of acknowledgments. She has done her best to put down a record of every year, every month, every day of Carson McCullers's life, and to do it in a style more lacking in colour and flavour than one would have believed possible. Here is a bit about Carson's early problems in her marriage to Reeves McCullers:

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> In the spring of 1940, Carson's mother rode the bus from Columbus to Fayetteville to visit. She had always loved Reeves as though he were her son, and it grieved her to know that her children were unhappy. Carson, usually open and honest with her mother – as she was with everyone – spared Marguerite most of the details of their difficulties, but made it clear now that her marriage left much to be desired.

The passage is typical, except that it is mercifully brief. I have rarely met a book that was so difficult to read because of the sheer tedium of its telling. Mrs Carr's work must rank among the worst biographies of the decade.

So much for the book. What about its subject? Carson McCullers, as she came to be called, was born in 1917, and from childhood was distressed by her gangling awkwardness, her long legs and beanpole height. She ended up five feet eight inches, which is tall but not abnormally so. From early adolescence, however, she seems to have thought of herself not merely as a unique human being but also as a physical outcast. She was, Klaus Mann noted acutely, 'uncannily versed in the secrets of all freaks and pariahs'. Her marriage to Reeves McCullers, who was an inch taller than herself, was like the union of spider and fly. Reeves, handsome, weak, feebly desirous to become a writer himself, forged cheques in her name, parted from her, remarried her, matched or exceeded her high consumption of alcohol, and in 1953 committed suicide. Reeves died, Tennessee Williams said, out of his great love for Carson. Well yes, in a way. Perhaps the fly loves the spider.

She had a good many love affairs with both men and women, and was perhaps troubled by her bisexuality. There is a comic (even Mrs Carr cannot conceal the comedy) account of her relationship with Katherine Anne Porter, a rival star at the artists' colony of Yaddo, whom Carson was at first prepared to love and admire. But when she pounded on Miss Porter's door, crying 'Please, Katherine Anne, do let me come in and talk to you – I do love you so very much', she was told to go away, and when Miss Porter found Carson sprawled outside the door she stepped over her on the way to dinner. Others did not reject her, but few of her relationships lasted. On her side they were almost always passionate, and always marked by her desire to dominate. Her need for love, she once said, was 'awesome', but it was love on her own terms. When, just after her first success, she lived for a time in the famous Brooklyn household ruled over with benevolent autocracy by Auden, she was too young to assert herself; but a year or two later, as one acquaintance said, Carson had to be the whole show.

In spite of this all-embracing egotism she was also a lion hunter, even though she wanted lions to acclaim her a transcendent lioness. A list of the French writers who met her (took her into their hallowed circles' – Mrs Carr) when she visited Paris includes Colette, Mauriac, Sartre, Camus, Cocteau and Gide. When she met Edith Sitwell, the mutual admiration was tremendous. 'What a great poet's eye and mind and sense you have,' Edith said. She received a reply comparing her with Shakespeare and Milton. But not all meetings with fellow lions were like this. Gore Vidal called her a genius, but added: 'Alas, her presence in a room meant my absence: five minutes of one of her self-loving arias and I was gone.'

She was ill during much of her life. In her teens she had rheumatic fever (wrongly diagnosed as pneumonia), and suffered an illness which may have been a slight stroke in 1941. About her later strokes there was no doubt. In 1947 her left side was paralysed. Psychiatry, hypnotic treatment and operations failed to help her recover use of it, and she suffered much pain and further illnesses before a final massive brain haemorrhage killed her in 1967.

In general I believe that we cannot know too much about writers, and that the ordinances some, like Auden and Orwell, try to lay down for prospective future biographers are both absurd and impractical. But there are writers about whom we know too much, so that the life takes the place of the work. This has happened with Dylan Thomas and Scott Fitzgerald, so that it becomes difficult to look at poems and novels without thinking of the writers' drinking, their clownishness, their attempts to destroy what was of value in their own lives and literary intelligences. For such reasons I would prefer not to have read this book about Carson McCullers. American Baroque is out of fashion just now, and her critical stock has dropped dramatically. She was probably not as good a writer as many who have written about her, myself included, believed her to be a few years ago (some recent rereading has made me think that her fellow Southerner Flannery O'Connor was more talented), but certainly what she wrote was the only important thing to her, and the only important thing about her. Much of her life was pitiable, but she was not a sympathetic nor even a particularly interesting personality. It is possible to imagine a memoir that would have illuminated the generosity towards the deprived and defeated in her best work, but this account of greedy loving, hard drinking and tuft-hunting does nothing at all for her memory.

Paul Theroux

Pilgrim Sons

The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles edited by Dorothy Eagle and Hilary Carnell *Oxford* £3.95

An American's Guide to Britain by ROBIN W. WINKS *Adam & Charles Black* £6.95

Tolstoy's desk at Yasnaya Polyana looked rather small, Kipling's at Burwash like a refectory table; Walden Pond was a great let-down, but the sink at the Ealing hotel where Ho Chi Minh washed dishes had a certain charm. It is impossible to be a reader and not also a pilgrim – to look for the tombstone lettered *Korzeniowski* in Canterbury and search for the other Hardy country in Upper Tooting. I think I knew

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that Dowson was born in Lee (and that Lee the poet was born in London – there is no mention of his mad-house here), but I had no idea he died in Catford – that makes two of us – or that he lies buried in Lewisham. The editors don't seem to know that Conan Doyle lived for a time in Upper Norwood (granted, the Pakistani owner was a bit surprised when the plaque went up), or that the Church of St Mary Woolnoth, where they note Kyd was baptised, 'kept the hours/With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine' ('A phenomenon which I have often noticed,' Eliot wrote) or that Edgar Wallace (born in Brockley) even existed. They include Mungo Park (he wrote his *Travels* in Foulshiels) but not Shackleton, who could have added something to the pathetic Sydenham entry. David Copperfield narrates much of Blackfriars here, but Kipps is only mentioned in passing on Folkestone. Hardy's 'Port Bredy' is indicated in Bridport, but not his 'Eminster' at Beaminster. No mention of Verloc's shop in Soho, Oliver Onions in Mecklenburgh Square (I couldn't find Onions at all), or Gulley Jimson in Chelsea. You might be interested to know that Brendan Behan's Borstal was in Hollesley, Suffolk, and that 'Fanny Burney and her friend Mrs Thrale stayed at the Bear Hotel (in Devizes) on their way to Bath in 1780'.

This is, at times, an infuriating book. I wish it were twice its present size, a giant volume, full of cross-references not only to authors – and more of them – but to more of their work. One wants to know where fictional characters lived. I like 'Little Dorrit, christened in the church (of St George the Martyr) was rescued from sleeping on the steps by a kindly verger, and was later married here'. Full justice is done to Dickens, Wordsworth and Scott, but Trollope's entry is a mere sketch, and it seems cruel to exclude Graham Greene, V.S. Pritchett or Anthony Powell because they are alive, and to include Michael Arlen, Eric Linklater and Vera Brittain simply because they are dead.

Saki gets the whole of Pilton to himself, and both Sydney Smith and Evelyn Waugh are correctly placed in Combe Florey, but there is no nod to Auberon who is heroically keeping the place alive by the sheer velocity of his pen. Look in vain for the full treatment of Joyce's Dublin. Instead: 'A map showing the setting of the 18 episodes [of *Ulysses*] can be obtained from the Regional Tourism Organisation' – that map belongs in this book, ducky. One does not want to appear too tetchy, and yet one reads an item such as the following:

> A road off the A39 at the top of Porlock Hill leads to Ash Farm where tradition says Coleridge, after a dream, wrote *Kubla Khan* until interrupted by a 'man from Porlock' (Broomstreet Farm off the A39 also has a claim).

A claim on what? Never mind. But one would think that a book that contained this piece of information and the Fanny-Burney-slept-here sort of thing ought to contain everything, and this one doesn't.

Since you have a NEW STATESMAN in your hand it is unlikely that you need *An American's Guide to Britain*. In part it is a sort of do-it-yourself *Roots* for Americans on their first visit to Thamesy Bolongo, but its tone and much of its advice most clearly resembles the guides I have seen in the hands of nervous Japanese in Yokohama, about to embark on an English tour – full of stuff about cold rooms, dirty cafes ('pronounced *Kaffs*') and discourteous drivers. 'You will find dogs are sometimes brought into dining rooms in the country,' is pure Japanese-guide-book, and so is the full page Mr Winks gives to the risk of being bombed. 'Prostitution is no fun in Britain. Wait until you go to Hamburg or Munich' is just unhelpful, not to say unexpected from a Yale history prof. who was Cultural Attaché at the American Embassy in London. Mr Winks has a jokey maddening style that is at once patronising and partisan; he is anxious for Americans not to make jackasses of themselves here, while I am of the opinion that American cunning and sharpness could raise the standard of service. Recently, trying to obtain a pushcart at Heathrow for my suitcase, I was told by the attendant (who was guarding 80 of them) that they weren't for passengers' use and 'You're not in America now, mate.' Mr Winks advises the tourist to be cautious in such a situation; I would teach the tourist how to snarl, 'Get orf, you wanker, and stop poncing about with them pushcarts!'

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Among this week's contributors:

JOHN BAYLEY's most recent publication was *The Uses of Division* (1976). He has just finished a book on Hardy.

ROSALIND MITCHISON teaches economic history at Edinburgh University. Her *History of Scotland* appeared in 1970.

CELINA FOX is Adult Education Officer at the Museum of London.

Jeremy Treglown

Zippy

The Canfield Decision by SPIRO T. AGNEW *W. H. Allen* £4.95
How To Save Your Own Life by ERICA JONG *Secker & Warburg* £3.90
Four Stories by INGMAR BERGMAN *Marion Boyars* £4.95

Isn't there some way of bringing Erica Jong and Spiro Agnew together? Here they are, these aspiring new authors with so much to offer one another, and they've probably never met. The thing is, Spiro's a bit nervous about, well, sex, basically. Politics apart, congress in *The Canfield Decision* is a remote-control affair, all electric currents and rocketing crescendos seen through a literary glass, darkly; 'she was carried in crashing waves over the falls and deposited in the tranquil pool of slaked desire' – that kind of thing. Now, everyone who has read *Fear of Flying* knows how frank and fresh Erica is about these matters, and whatever else you may feel about the sequel to it you have to admit that she can still show Spiro a few tricks. On the other hand, he beats her at narrative strategy and organisation. His thriller about a hawkish American Vice-President's presidential ambitions (wherever did he get the idea?) sustains a large cast, several locations and a complicated plot, whereas Erica Jong's much bumpier story-line quickly settles down to what F. B. Jevons, writing of the *Iliad* with something else in mind, called 'an agglomeration of originally independent lays'. It's a one-man-one-chapter novel (one-woman in the case of the Rolls-driving student Rosanna) and there's little attempt to keep the exhausted has-beens in view once they are discarded.

On balance, in fact, Jong has more to gain from a collaboration than Agnew, though it has to be admitted that a novel by both of them would be only marginally less unreadable than one by either. Agnew's relatively low metaphysics-count weighs in his favour by contrast with the sometimes almost allegorical psychic flailings of his rival ('Hope and I are convinced that, cosmically speaking, we are sisters'). And however baroque the corpse-strewn last chapters of *The Canfield Decision* may seem, they at least carry through in action the unexplored implications of the Jong hero-

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ine's moral scheme: '1. Renounce useless guilt. . . . 4. Always do the things you fear the most.' Nothing the now successful novelist Isadora does on this basis has enough effect on other people to matter. She is still childless, and the question whether her writing influences her readers' lives is bundled out of the way early on in a few soggy paragraphs.

The similarly unscrupulous Vice-President Canfield, on the other hand; almost causes a nuclear war. His pursuit of the presidency leads him to encourage an escalation of the arms-race and to cooperate with a Persian terrorist group who end up murdering all his best friends. The realities of day-to-day life in American top politics are arguably too familiar now for any but a really good novel to have much curiosity value, but Agnew is chillingly good at conveying the corrupting effects not so much of power as of visibility. Canfield's handling of the media provides most of the good moments – 'I will play this strictly low key,' he decides, of a plan to get himself televised visiting a recently crippled girl in hospital. 'Act like I'm sort of embarrassed to be caught in a humane act.'

Not that one had expected Erica Jong to open out *Middlemarch*-like moral vistas. Her own talents are defined by Isadora in *Fear of Flying*: 'My heart (and my cunt) can be had for a pithy phrase, a good one-liner, a neat couplet, or a sensational simile.' She takes herself more solemnly in *How To Save Your Own Life*, but the ingredients are the same. Enriched by a shocking semi-autobiographical novel, the now notoriously promiscuous Isadora Wing still isn't getting on with her psychologist husband who has himself, she is appalled to discover, been conducting some research into ziplessness. Among torrid and lengthy sessions of self-analysis with her impressively loyal chums, she gets up to a number of pranks like snorting cocaine, having a lesbian affair and going to an orgy. At last in Hollywood, where she is negotiating a film contract for her novel, she meets a well-endowed and apparently sensible youth called Joshua, leaves her husband for him, and promptly signs off the novel with a batch of otherwise unpublishable poems.

But, as she says, she's good at one-liners, a few of which wouldn't come amiss in Ingmar Bergman's book, whose frequent disarming admissions of the inadequacy of words to convey the quality of a film don't really help when, for example, you're trying to visualize a man moving boxes around as 'a thick, strange movement of human life'. Better to have the text than nothing, all the same, especially if you just want a mnemonic for the movies themselves; and although these impressionistic verbal accounts of *The Hour of the Wolf, A Passion, The Touch* and *Cries and Whispers* don't give as much help as the published screenplays-with-stills of other Bergman films, the collection is justified by Bergman's practice of distributing his ideas in story-form at the first stage of preparation. Reading them is a fascinating aesthetic exercise, both for what they intensify about Bergman's technique (his uneven time-lapses come over very well in these jumpy paragraphs) and for what they inevitably but still startingly play down – the problem of reconstructing sight and sound is obvious, but much stranger is the way these stories neglect the three other senses that a film can't engage. That Bergman's terrible vision survives in this form is a tribute to its power. Just as impressive, though, is the unpretentiousness of his statements about his art, particularly in the introduction to *The Touch*:

> Regarding the completed film I can be brief now: its colors are warm. The keys in which it is set are fairly bright . . . Further explanations would be absurd. Films resemble people. You like them, you don't like them, or you're indifferent to them.

Roy Fuller

On His Sixty-Fifth Birthday

Went to the Mini-Town Hall
(So-called) to claim my free
Pass for the off-peak bus.
No one expressed surprise
That I was sixty-five –
Stunned at my sprightly gait
And thick if frosted hair.
The ladies around were concerned
With reduced-price Ovaltine
And other baksheesh of the State
Befitting their unamorous age.

The tawdry building was set
In bogland off the A2:
Blown paper white as the gulls
On the stud-dented fields of play
Deserted now in the sun-
Shot end of a winter day
By home-wending girls and boys.

O feet-distorting shoes,
Lung-changing cigarettes,
How necessary to youth
And painful to contemplate
For the busy-bodying old!
With desperation – or so
Sometimes it seems to me –
I hang on to what they waste
As once I wasted it.

Somewhere I read – what confirms
My sentient life of late –
'Old men cry easily.'
Who would have thought I should mourn
The future of healthy louts,
The bunions of pretty girls?
The heavens sufficiently ope
To show the worn gold ring
Of the moon's beginning light.
Such mild observations fall
In the 'pindarics' used
By Arnold for his laments
Over his father, dead;
Wordsworth; the Kraut who took
So long to die in France;
And the multiple Brontës, dead.

For arraigning England he forgave
Heine – since 'we echo her foes'.
How much easier to forgive
Would Arnold find it today
When our 'glory, genius and joy'
Are sunk to a still lower notch!

The sparrow – commonplace, small:
Yes, that is confirmed when a bird
Hops strangely into the house.
And I cup it in my hands
To counter what chilling shock
Brought it to seek the help
Of those impuissant enough
In tragedies of their own.
But beautiful also the bird:
The eye a tiny gem
Found in a bundle of rags.
How quickly one gets to know
A fellow creature – the marks
That make each one unique
(Including such accidents
As a beak with adhering bread)
And even hidden traits
That the character underpin.

Next morning (as one had guessed)
He is dead, and I take him up –
Weightless, unwarm – to inter
Him where daffodils all look south.

Moss on the paving, furred
Like caterpillars, gold on green,
May be removed with Jeyes
Fluid. the wiseacres say.
Another way is to run
A Dutch hoe along the cracks –
Labour of many days,
Dead weight of material, doomed
To the socialist compost heap.
What other sproutings, more
Acceptable to bourgeois souls,
These winter massacres succeed –
Lilies of brown-moled white
Throats and the velvet rose!

Winter one day, the next
Balmily Spring, I throw
The artificial green
Of the first mowings upon
The oddly neutral pile.

Arnold would not have thought
The answer to England's ills,
Whatever it was, to be cold
Verse or hot Ovaltine.
Charm is what makes, he said,
The work of poets divine.
I well can understand
Him thinking these lines devoid
Of charm, stuck as they are
With the cares of a Philistine world.
Yet no one is more aware
Than I of the Beast-ruled age –
So might be thought lucky to hold
A 'Travel Permit For
Elderly Person' which must
In the end see one safely across
That dark and bitter stream
Beyond encircling hands
– Though in fact I would give it up
For another painful stay,
Cigarettes, corns and all,
On the perilous nearer shore.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Celina Fox

Up Pompeii

On being questioned as to the possibility of opening the British Museum in Easter week, a distinguished librarian expressed horror at the prospect of the 'vulgar class' who would inevitably crowd in: 'the mere gazing at our curiosities is not one of the objects of the Museum.' The time was 1835 and for a good many years after, the Museum resolutely set its face against permitting its objects to be polluted by the public for more than half the week. Judging from the latest Polaroid identity cards required to get into the British Library, such lessons have not been entirely forgotten. But the sight of the forecourt to Smirke's imposing edifice in recent years would surely make Sir Henry Ellis turn in his grave.

The extraordinary popularity of art or, perhaps more accurately, of going to see art, would appear to be growing daily. The precedent set by Tutankhamun has been matched, even exceeded, by other monster shows: 67,000 people got through one room in 29 days for *Light Fantastic* at the Royal Academy. The queues snake along Piccadilly or brace themselves against bleak bankside gales. It seems as if the Dunkirk spirit, having so conspicuously abandoned British industry, is now attacking British culture. Orderly, patient, uncomplaining, armed with packed lunches and macs, people stoically accept discomfort as part of the time-honoured rights of the Great British Family Outing. The effort adds a sense of challenge. It is reassuring to know that so many others think the cause worthwhile. And whether through some vague sense of cultural one-upmanship or because of a genuine desire to learn, it becomes important to say one has been. Meanwhile, the permanent collections are enduring their perennial visitations. Hordes of tourists descend like locusts, hopping in a dense cloud from gallery to gallery. Up and down the country Townswomen's Guilds are banding together on cheap day returns or in hired coaches for Jubilee jaunts. Nor must one forget (and who can?) the straggling trails of children scuffling reluctantly, noisily, messily along in search of their cultural heritage.

Success these days is measured in attendance figures, colour-supplement coverage and arts programme reviews. When every exhibition not only has its entrance charge and catalogue, but a range of souvenirs worthy of Carnaby Street, it is only too apparent that the determining factor is a desperate pursuit of money. At the Royal Academy, which has had to rely for its independence entirely on the takings of exhibitions, the crisis is particularly acute. 'Long live the day when we have too many people,' says its press officer, Griselda Hamilton-Baillie. Notwithstanding the wildly successful Friends scheme launched recently, for the first time this year a commission will have to be charged on sales at the Summer Exhibition and fees will be introduced at the schools. The financial pressures which force national museums to be seen to be popular are not quite so straightforward but are equally crucial. In the present economic climate, when museums are more than ever dependent on government funds, it is simply not on to adopt anything other than a populist approach. Money for culture cannot be justified unless there is a strong mass-educational element. And the main channels through which the message is spread are the vastly expanded educational and public relations departments.

As pioneers in either field know, the battles that have had to be fought for more recognition, let alone status, have been enormous. The reluctance of curators to be dragged blinking into a commoner light of day provoked Charles Gibbs-Smith, the keeper of the public relations and education departments at the V & A for nearly 25 years, to speak of many who 'either patronise, resent, despise, dislike or even hate the public'. Only a few weeks ago, one keeper at the British Museum was heard to call for an anti-publicity campaign for *The Wealth of the Roman World*. Yet as Nicholas Usherwood, the recently appointed deputy keeper of design and public relations, points out, 60 to 70 per cent of all visitors to the Museum are foreigners and it could scarcely be described as a centre of British cultural life. For Griselda Hamilton-Baillie the problem is to banish the Academy's image of dusty exclusivity and appeal to the widest possible audience. An offer of half-price vouchers for entry to the Lowry exhibition last year attracted 3,000 *Woman's Own* readers; *Light Fantastic* drew in the young en masse, and at this moment she is about to go on a promotional tour of local radio stations.

A successful show is still enough of a novelty to be an occasion for gratified surprise. But to increase publicity without at the same time increasing capacity is, as British Leyland knows to its cost, asking for trouble. There must come a point when the operation backfires and there are already obvious danger signals which the media for a start find simpler to ignore. I do not know of any art critic who composed the larger part of his column considering the aesthetic merits of Fortnum & Mason or the exterior of Burlington House when whiling away time waiting to get into *Pompeii*. Nor do camera crews have to push their way through crowds to get to a showcase or photographs present the objects largely hidden by a blurred mass of heads. In fact, the smoothly mounted specimens which grace our Sunday papers are probably the best look in the public will ever get. As exhibition designers flex their imaginative muscles in recreating atmospheric sets, the square footage per person, even in the massive galleries of the Academy, gets smaller. Most recently, the overwhelming interest shown in holography was completely unexpected. Angry scenes in the courtyard as more coachloads rolled up seemed closer allied to The Who's pop concerts than to any laudable educational ambitions. Coming in the wake of the Pompeii exhibition, it must have strained the gentlemanly courtesy extended by other learned societies sharing the forecourt to breaking point. These relationships of trust built up over decades are also endangered by the sponsorship of shows. An outside organisation throwing its weight around in cavalier fashion and offending everyone leaves a legacy of damage which a museum has to live with.

The problem of striking a balance between scholarship and popularity is as difficult today as it has ever been. To be carried away by a box-office success and not to go on thinking what on earth are people getting out of the experience is a danger which museums, not least the publicity and education departments, are well aware of in private. But to make statements in public about the quality of audiences is to run the risk of being branded an elitist. More realistically, the large number of museums ignored by the public may feel such aspirations are a luxury which they can afford to do without. It is not as if even the major crowd-pullers are entirely devoid of corners of tranquillity. The matter is further complicated by the fact that nobody can quite predict which shows are going to be over-subscribed. It is no secret that *The Wealth of the Roman World* attendance figures have so far been disappointing. It is unfortunate to have to follow so closely on the heels of *Pompeii* when the prospect of queueing for Rome again is probably less than alluring. Perhaps, like *Neo-Classicism*, which made a huge loss, its appeal is too intellectual compared with the human interest provided by mummies and disasters. Nicholas Usherwood believes that exhibition organisers have to strike a chord in the public imagination. But if the crowds who normally do not go near a museum do flock in, then museums must be better able to cope in order to keep that new audience for the future. Most major museums have a variation of the problem, and so far there are no easy answers.

If museums do take their duty to the public seriously they must do something to relieve the sense of frustration often experienced by the most mild-mannered visitor. Surely it is possible to devise a partial advanced booking system during the daytime which would be related to the demand of big shows? It is, after all, a privilege already accorded to some groups: the press, Friends of the Museum and special parties in the evening. At least a choice would then be available for those unable or unwilling to wait. Of course, such a system has its snags. Unless it is well publicised in advance, there is always some resentment at what appears to be open queue-jumping, and middle-class know-how could monopolise the service. It

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smacks of the sort of restriction slipped into the wills of American millionaire collectors like Barnes in Philadelphia; but there is no reason why it could not be fairly administered for the greater good. Similarly, one does not have to go as far as Frick in entirely excluding children under ten to sympathise with the misery caused to the general public and long-suffering warders by uncontrolled school parties. It may be time to follow the New York system of adopting a general rule to exclude unbooked classes in all the London museums. Such a policy would save the reputation of individual directors now forced into the embarrassing position of appearing to be autocratic child-haters before the education authorities which help to finance them. This would allow for a truly constructive and imaginative education programme to be developed which is not largely dictated, of necessity, by the problem of coping with too many school parties on the loose. These dismal wanderings are not calculated to fill the gap caused by the more basic failure of this country's educational system to encourage anything like a real appreciation of art. At the moment, one can only admire the dogged perseverance of the British public who, having once left school, still feel the urge to visit a museum again.

Architecture

Nathan Silver

Hypercandid

Twelve issues back I was writing about discrepant realities at the Centre Pompidou, a building made to look adaptable, but which got to cost so much that changes may hardly seem practical for a long time to come. In a way, what I liked about the Centre Pompidou was precisely this double-dealing – an indisputably, crushingly official French monument, posing as a hip polemic of flexibility, looseness and 'indeterminacy' (as we used to say). Depending on your perceptions, the Centre Pompidou can appear as the stylistic summit, or the most opportunistic send-up, of the waning age of blue denim and poor-mouth. Now in England, we have a way of leading while appearing to follow. Cedric Price's Inter-Action Centre, a new building which is as adaptable as a toga, can't be accused of duplicity because it is what it seems. Or rather, as I shall try to explain, it seems that it is what it seems.

Inter-Action is a self-help charity based in NW5, devoted to community arts and neighbourhood self-help projects – about 60 people in a co-operative venture almost ten years old, also currently running a theatre bus, a housing co-operative, and an amazing city farm on railroad borderland in Kentish Town. Inter-Action's founder-director is US-born Ed Berman, sometime chairman of the Save Piccadilly Campaign, and director of *Dirty Linen* (Stoppard's play first appeared at Inter-Action's Almost Free Theatre, and is partly about Berman taking UK citizenship). After Inter-Action developed four temporary community workshops in buildings that soon had to be given up, the unthinkable needed to be considered by Berman: a purpose-built permanent centre. Was hidebound institutionalism inevitable? To best avoid it, Cedric Price appeared the logical architect, since his techno-artistic early works (e.g., the Regent's Park Zoo aviary) had given way to even less solid forms, not to say unbuilt ones: an open-ended university (called something else) to be constructed perhaps of aviary wires; a fun palace project extremely sobering in its uncomprisingly change-orientated design rhetoric. Berman demanded that a flexible building along those lines be built for Inter-Action, even with structurally framed-out but incomplete areas reserved for future development. Those like me who have watched Price and listened to him nervously over the years are now rewarded at last, with a forthright and devoted built example of what he has been hypothesizing.

The Centre, built at the edge of Camden's Talacre Open Space, is a lightweight steel-framed two-storey building including a main hall, clubrooms with bar, exhibition space, offices, a keep-fit gym, videotape and postermaking and other media resources, rehearsal rooms and a costume-making section. Toilets, showers for the keep-fit gym and other small service units requiring plumbing are outside the building framework, formed by plugged-in Portakabins – though why the most fixed building element (plumbing) is relegated to the removable bits (Portakabins) escapes me, unless it has to do with eventually sweeping away everything inside the main space, for vaster community activities once NW5 has the social cohesiveness of a coral reef. For children's activities, outside the steel-framed main body there is a splendid pair of prefabricated log cabins from Finland.

The aesthetic difference between the Centre Pompidou and Inter-Action lies in the approach to component parts: Price's are doggedly artless (Woodwool, hardboard and batten walls, garage doors, industrial corrugated siding), even where a little artifice wouldn't matter or cost much – e.g., in the somewhat craftier assemblage of very roughly wrought parts, like the iron stairs. The artlessness is deliberate, just as the colours are definitely phooey colours – neighbourhood colours – what you see in half a dozen flats when the outer wall goes down, as is happening all around the Centre. This is Price's basic argument. Like Hannes Meyer of the Bauhaus, who declared in 1928 that building was not art, Price has sought a value-free or at least aesthetic-free architecture. To those like me who have thought that impossible (one arrives very quickly at the new art of artlessness) here at least is a sincerely persuasive model in the hypercandidly actual lattice beams, Portakabins and Woodwool. Nor are aesthetic-free freedoms undesirable in this context. Highflown architectural theory gives way to reassuringly down-to-earth practice, one sees – and one learns. 'It must be easy to solve vandalism problems in this setup,' I said to Berman, as my son spilled his orange drink on the carpet tiles. 'Yes,' he said, 'we ask architects not to bring their children with them.'

Television

Ian Hamilton

Papier Macho

'Don't anybody play the trade unions for a lot of patsies in this,' warned Bill Keys, the General Secretary of Sogat during the course of a *Tonight* discussion of the *Standard*'s plight (BBC-1), and there was a ripple of resigned amusement round the studio. Keys had already made it dauntingly clear that if there were going to be any patsies, he was the least likely candidate for such a role.

Whenever anyone had tried to hint that perhaps over-manning was an issue to be tentatively thought about, or – worse still – dared to hazard the notion that things might eventually be easier for all concerned if new printing techniques were permitted to be

Elaine Feinstein

Watersmeet

There are spores at work in the stone here, corded
roots of dead trees holding back shale and wedged
rocks: the green foliage of the hillside conceals
a perilous truce between plant and mineral powers

and wet-foot from the cold Lyn we climbed up
from shining grit into fibrous barks, tall ferns
quartz in the soil, and everywhere plant flesh
and rich ores had eaten into each other, so that

peat, rain, green leaves and August fused
even the two of us together; we took
a new balance from the two defenceless
kingdoms bonded in hidden warfare underfoot.

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countenanced, Keys had virulently rounded on the upstart and silenced him with a machine-gun burst of subordinate clauses, antique-procedural vocabulary and lists of statistics superbly trimmed to prove that you could fire everyone tomorrow and leave Fleet Street in more or less the same mess that it is in today.

Not easy to demur, and after a time none of the assembled brooders – Simon Jenkins, Robert Maxwell and Tom Baistow – ventured to touch more than fleetingly on labour matters; no doubt out of the corner of at least some of their eyes they sensed the incipiently apoplectic Keys poised to drub them once again. Why bother, was the order of the day. Robert Maxwell, speaking as if he'd known for years how to make newspapers show a profit, was all for shoving up the advertising rates and Tom Baistow was all for introducing a realistic cover price. Simon Jenkins just wanted to find a way to save the *Standard*, and decided to keep his pitch simple-heartedly forlorn. Not the most effective line to take, one feels, so long as people like Keys continue to believe that wishing to avoid paying £50 a week to someone who puts in two hours a day is more or less the same thing as wishing to treat working men like 'cattle'. It would have been quite possible to warm to Keys's anti-management invective if he'd seemed in the least interested in the predicament of his members ten or 15 years from now.

Depressing to watch, but not in the same way as Russell Harty's simpering exchanges with the novelists Erica Jong and Edna O'Brien (LWT). Harty had known Jong as an unappealing college student in the States and was evidently disconcerted to find himself taking her seriously on telly. Musing on the disadvantages of fame, Jong was kind enough to concede that Russell in his different (smaller) way must know all about that kind of thing, but there was no disguising that career-wise she had far outstripped the limey. One had the feeling that he must once have been snooty about her adolescent poems and that this was the sweetest of sweet pay-offs. It needed Edna O'Brien to introduce a more 'creative' note and it was noticeable that as soon as the Irish novelist appeared, the American best-seller waxed a little moody. Harty, with his usual mischievous benevolence, looked on as the ladies got deep into the ghostly agonies of How to Write. 'You have to be destroyed psychically to be a good writer.' 'I think you have to be strong to be a good writer.' 'Yes, but first you have to be re-made . . . ' Deep stuff, and deep enough for Harty to inquire if the authors believed themselves to be Great Authors. Try as she might, neither could bring herself to deny that, with a little luck, well, yes, perhaps . . .

'Freedom tastes good, but it shoah ain't gonna fill our bellies' more or less summed up the final episode of *Roots* (BBC-1). The civil war over, the blacks' victory dance is interrupted by the news that there is no money to pay their wages; the smallholdings they are offered in lieu of cash are soon under threat from white land-grabbers, and they no longer have the old paternalistic set-up to protect them. Much teeth-gritting beneath the lash takes place ('Now lookee here, you no-account nigra . . .') and in the end some native ingenuity outsmarts the local whitey villain. Singing and smiling, our dusky favourites roll their wagons to another neighbourhood; they have a long way to go before Alex Haley delivers them from a lifetime of cheap walk-on parts, but endearingly they seem to know that he won't let them down. Maybe it is just as well that the saga doesn't reach the present day.

The Mackinnons (BBC-1) confusingly stars Dr Finlay as a vet. White of mane and keener on the drams than we remember him, Bill Simpson must have done something pretty lethal back in Tannochbrae to have been shunted off to tend the beasts. We see him mourning the encroachment of the Syndicate upon his glen, and it seems that ecological fervour has replaced his Thirties-style compassion for the poor. In this episode, we were asked to consider whether it is right or not to poach trout from waters which are about to be purchased by wicked businessmen who in turn intend to let them out (£100 a week) for fishing. A dog sent in pursuit of the local poacher has its vitals gored by barbed wire erected by the baddies, and Bill knows *that* wouldn't have happened in the old days. So his position is quite clear. Just in case the rest of us can't quite make up our minds, the poacher is later shown risking *his* vitals to save the precious waters from contamination. A serious series, then, but one which we can trust to lead us by the hand.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Fox Fur

Volpone *Olivier*
The Passion *Cottesloe*
Oh, Mr Porter *Mermaid*

'The Turk,' wrote Ben Jonson, 'is not more sensual in his pleasures than will Volpone.' Maybe; but I suspect that even nowadays a good percentage of the people of Istanbul are more sensual in their pleasures than Paul Scofield, always an unlikely candidate for the part, with his dark, sardonic voice and puckered, furrowed face. You might at times mistake him for a set of old, well-trodden steps leading down to a crypt, which reverberates lugubriously whenever the door clangs open. He is, to be sure, very much the Venetian grandee, lordly and commanding in his fox-red robes. But it is difficult to suppose him actually enjoying the riches with which he surrounds himself, and no easier to imagine him taking a merely physical delight in Celia, whose body he pursues so assiduously. Beneath that eponymous garb broods, not a human voluptuary, but a sort of diabolic puritan, one never at peace with himself unless he is directly or indirectly adding to the sum of earthly avarice. The sense of fun is altogether missing from Scofield's performance. Instead, he gives us a grim, destructive glee, a contempt for the world and all its virtues. Bunyan, not Jonson, surely invented him.

If this is not *the* Volpone, it is still an exceedingly interesting one; and I wish I could say as much for Peter Hall's production as a whole. Its merits are obvious: speed and clarity. We are hustled along without, for once, being too bored or bewildered even by that tiresome satire on the English abroad, the Politick Would-bes. Partly this is because of the calibre of the players assigned to this sub-plot. At any rate, the audience seemed unable to resist either John Gielgud as the conspiratorial Sir Politick, a scrawny, rabbity figure furtively hidden beneath what looks like a golfer's cap, a skulking eccentric on day-release from a P. G. Wodehouse short story, or the splendid Elizabeth Spriggs, massively coy as his garrulous wife. Partly, and less justifiably, it's because the text has been tidied up. Indeed, the evening's loudest laugh goes to Gielgud's woeful prophecy that he'll become 'a thing for tavern talk', a line I can't trace even after X-raying my copy of Jonson. Mr Hall's brisk, no-nonsense approach brings its rewards: it also has its limitations.

Directors, like architects or landscape gardeners, do well to exploit what features are already dominating the scene; and, with Scofield as an ivy-encrusted tower gauntly planted at its centre, Mr Hall should perhaps have given us a rather more sombre production. Certainly, Jonson's comedy of humours could be more swingeing and savage in its scourging of sin. It isn't a very formidable retinue of fortune-hunters that lines up at the bar this time: someone has been at their fangs with a file, leaving nature red neither in tooth nor in claw. Michael Medwin's Corvino is particularly wet and droopy, certainly not the man to rave frenziedly at his wife when she's reluctant to sleep with the supposedly dying Volpone, and Hugh Paddick's Corbaccio is scarcely more than a rather tasteless joke directed against the deaf and the senile. Ben Kingsley's pale-faced Mosca does, it's true, come closer to what his name suggests he should be. At any rate, he darts and buzzes about satisfactorily enough, brandishing the clumps of black hair on his knees and elbows, a pest it would be hygienic to swat But only Paul Rogers's Voltore, scraggy feathers in a sort of ruff round his neck, has the full quota of malice and menace: a sly predator catapulting fib after fib out of the side of a singularly elastic mouth, one that can distend a sneer into a leer or a leer into a snarl with a twist of the lips and a flash of the gums. That, surely, is the kind of imaginative exaggeration Jonson demands – and, alas, too rarely gets at the Olivier.

Round at the National's tradesman's entrance, there's what looks like the beginnings of a demonstration against the social contract. You step down into the pit of the Cottesloe and mill about with actors who to judge by their clothes, have taken out temporary membership of the TGWU NUM, GMWU and so on. Then Mark McManus slips an oat-coloured robe over his greasy overalls, Michael Bough switches from a carpenter into John the Baptist Richard Johnson's Pilate sidles up in th

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guise of a sottish, cadging Yorkshire mayor, Oliver Cotton's Judas grumbles away in an adenoidal staccato, 'to see spikenard so slopped, sir, sears my soul sore'; and we're into a Lenten selection from the York Mystery Cycle. There is, of course, something naïve in the parallel implied between working-class culture nowadays and that of 600 years ago. Miners from Otley or busmen from Batley are more likely to spend their rest-days with their whippets or pigeons than enacting sermons on carts outside Woolworth's or Boots. Vox populi is scarcely vox dei in 1977. Still, it is hard to quarrel with the bustle and energy of Bill Bryden's production or with Tony Harrison's text, which sometimes updates the language, but invariably retains the alliterative verve of the original. 'This bargain buggers me,' mutters a soldier as he struggles to get the cross upright, 'I'm proper out of puff': a fair equivalent, surely, for 'this bargayne will noght bee, for certis we wantis wynde'.

That comes from the York Crucifixion Play, the first authentic masterpiece of the British drama. It's a remarkably accomplished and alarmingly realistic piece, evoking, as it does, Christ's suffering through precise and detached documentary, an Insight report from Calvary. The sinews shrink, leaving the hands and feet short of the holes prepared for the nails, and obliging the soldiers to stretch the limbs with ropes. That done, they sweatily lift the cross and drop it into its mortice, jolting the bones. Mr Bryden does, admittedly, neglect this last, sadistic touch, but he and his company do full justice to the play's other great strength, its characterisation of the torturers themselves. Time has not made these plodders less recognisable. Indeed, it sometimes seems that only the lack of a tea-break between hammering sessions distinguishes the 14th century from the 20th. All four are still to be found, and they're still phlegmatic, self-righteous and hostile to strangers, especially those of a messianic appearance. They're still botching the details, blaming their mistakes on each other, moaning about the effort demanded of them, yet taking a glum satisfaction in the finished job – and can we be sure that they, or we, would baulk nowadays just because the job has arms and legs? This is the British way of Auschwitz, finishing with a yeomanly pipe and pint after a day spent stoking the ovens or ripping the joints: unsettling to find that it is all so confidently defined a full two centuries before Shakespeare.

Oh, Mr Porter is what *Cole* left out, the Mermaid's second squint at the songster's archives, and, in spite of 'Let's Do It', 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy' and one or two less well-known pleasures, no great success. Partly this is because of Benny Green's script, which is dog-eared as well as bitchy, dozens of sarky cracks linked by the stale pretence that the cast is exercising its collective larynx while awaiting the director. But Porter's waggish verses do come to seem pretty samey, too. The trick is to tell someone they're the tops, too-too, or just plain lovable, after invoking numerous analogies, such as the Mona Lisa, Moët & Chandon, Shakespeare's sonnets and Pandora's box. It palls.

Films

David Wilson

House-Warming

Burnt Offerings *London Pavilion* and *Odeon, Marble Arch*
The Telephone Book *Essential*
Pastoral Hide and Seek *Electric, Portobello Road*
New Spanish Cinema *NFT*

Hollywood, to judge from current offerings, is in the grip of an anti-clerical conspiracy. You can scarcely enter a cinema these days without encountering the devil in some lavish shape or form (no expense spared on hell's special effects): sure fire, as it were, at the box-office. Actually there's not a lick of flame in *Burnt Offerings*, a title which remains obstinately unexplained. The diabolical essence here is bricks and mortar – this is the old one about a house with vacant possession and a mind of its own. Oliver Reed and wife Karen Black, an Anglo-American alliance also unexplained, rent a splendid crumbling mansion for the summer. Warning portents, like the spooky foliage and a broken light which mysteriously mends itself, are loudly vouchsafed to us but lost on them. They are, like all shock-horror masochists, a singularly trusting couple, and what's a nightmare or two when you're on holiday?

Something should have told them, though, about old Mrs Allardyce in the attic. She is part of the rental agreement, mother of the batty sibling owners (Eileen Heckart and the currently ubiquitous Burgess Meredith), and she needs three meals a day behind locked doors. Miss Black duly feeds her, and is soon under the influence: around this point the camera develops blurred vision, and things go bump in the night. But the shocks in this neck of the woods are cut-price – stopped clocks chorusing midnight, the house making some do-it-yourself repairs during a storm – and the actors seem more unnerved by their lines than by the magical masonry, which also has a baleful effect on their sex life. The only one pulling out the stops is Bette Davis, inimitably stealing scenes as the visiting couple's lively aunt: her deathbed exit gives a new dimension to *grand guignol*. 'Maybe I am an old woman,' she says, 'but that doesn't mean I've lost all my marbles,' and the snarled emphasis on that last word is quintessential. Mrs Allardyce, needless to say, is just part of the furniture.

The Telephone Book is a piece of cod porn. Alice (Sarah Kennedy, who looks like Goldie Hawn's sister) dials a prayer and gets an obscene epilogue. Turned on by the caller's silky tones, she recommends him to her friends and sets out to find him. It is a journey of some discovery: wrong numbers encountered include a tarnished porn movie idol staging a comeback, a psychiatrist pervert and a gallery of reformed dirty callers, one of whom used to dip his fist in split pea soup and call nuns because they're good listeners. Alice finds her man, who visits her in a piggy face-mask and tells her the story of his life. Unable to make it under the Stars and Stripes bedspread, the couple repair to adjoining call-boxes where they run up quite a charge, a climax of sorts accompanied by a cartoon finale which, you may be surprised to learn, is the film's only genuine obscenity.

This harmless, dreary fun is a cut above the mac trade's usual fare, but would not be worth reporting except for the circumstances of its showing. Unaccountably banned by the British censor, it has been reluctantly snapped up by Derek Hill's Essential because of a film trade dispute which could have grave implications for all serious film clubs (and which is, incidentally, a question that Harold Wilson's film industry action committee could usefully put on their agenda). Hill, in common with other club proprietors, can't get a public cinema licence unless he spends a small fortune refurbishing his cinema to local authority standards. Now he has been told by the Kinematograph Renters' Society, the distributor's umbrella organisation, that he can hire no more films from their members, which effectively means most of the films he wants to show – and has been showing with some success. Hence *The Telephone Book*: Hill has no wish to trade on the immunity from censorship which his club status provides, but Wardour Street's obtuseness gives him little option. If the ban stays, film clubs, now accounting for a proliferating alternative audience, will be put out of business.

One such club is the Electric Cinema, whose enterprising Japanese season continues with Terayama's *Pastoral Hide and Seek*, a surrealist piece full of clocks and Fellini. The clocks are signposts to memory, as a man revisits his childhood in search of his present self. This last confronts the child for a half-time debate, whereupon recollection becomes less tranquil. Visitations along the way include a medium and an inflatable balloon-woman, and the visual surprises are abundant. Taste has nothing to do with it.

Long labouring under one of the most repressive censorship systems in Europe (apart from state control, Spanish films were colour-coded by the church, from white to the mortally sinful red), Spanish cinema has slowly found its own voice. It is too early to know what the effect of new government will be, though even under Franco some remarkable films emerged. Meanwhile, an interim report is to hand in a National Film Theatre season, starting Monday. The selection is comprehensive, from the first eddies of the Spanish 'new wave' to recent films made in the hitherto discouraged Catalan language. Admirers of Borau's *Poachers*, seen here last year, will be disappointed by the same director's *B. Must Die*, a political thriller with an international cast who were plainly not on speaking terms with the script. Elsewhere more distinctively national strains are evident, a fondness for Gothic among them. Recommended: Basilio Patino's *Songs for after a War* (9 May) and Miguel Picazo's *Aunt Tula* (10 May). The legacy of the Civil War is powerfully present.

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Radio

Eric Korn

Sweet Airs

Radio this month has been an isle full of noises: among the thousand twangling instruments were the cry of the blue motmot and the Sermon on the Mount in Romansch, an unusually mad Swede and an unusually sane Welsh poet; diverse bones from which pacifying coral is made, and the very stuff of radio. Radio needs sounds: a copybook maxim that still has to be spelt out, or we wouldn't be offered *The Enchanting World of Hinge and Bracket* (Radio 4), two accomplished female impersonators with a bad case of narcissism, about as suitable for the medium as live juggling or the Marcel Marceau half-hour. For terrible, mostly sexist, old jokes there is reliable Jimmy Edwards (*Jim the Great*, Radio 2): 'You don't need a chaperone. It would be like putting armed guards round a gravel pit.'

The motmots performed in *The Living World* (Radio 4), a consistently earworthy programme that also introduced the improbably bellicose bluebacked mannikin of Tobago, who sticks a scrap of snakeskin on a twig outside the nest to warn off other varmints, and a fine specimen of the greater misplaced adverb. 'Hopefully, the female appears.' The Romansch, accompanied by contented cows, strikeless factories, referenda, alpenhorns and Dürrenmatt, came in a six-hour Swiss evening. So soon after the Golden-Age-of-Spain marathon, one suspects somebody has a new wheeze; but just where is the audience for an instant interdisciplinary course in Helvetic studies, and wouldn't they rather have it in 17 episodes at 7 a.m.?

The giant step this week is Matrix H, bringing the delights of quadraphony ('the listener does not have to remain stationary in relation to the loudspeakers') to the broad masses prepared to add a decoder to their four loudspeakers and two stereo amplifiers. The most important thing about the experiment so far is that it costs no more than BBC TV spends on boot polish for spare lenscaps, and that nobody loses: I listened to *Pilgrim's Progress* (Radio 3), with the Vaughan Williams music (unperformed since 1943), on AM, FM mono, FM stereo, and FM stereo with headphones; at all these levels I was lured by Vanity Fair, corrupted by Mr Worldly Wiseman (Norman Shelley), emboldened by Sir John Gielgud's Christian. This is a personal landmark, for these holy simplicities have always, to my loss, left me unmoved before: I am grateful.

In *The Tempest* (Radio 4; produced by Ian Cotterell) the weaving of the rich aural tapestry seemed to have taken precedence over making sense of the verse. The sounds had depth all right, full fathom five: with headphones I seemed to be lying in a submarine grotto, or under the floorboards of the stage. (Could I fudge quadrophonics with two brace of headphones, or would I need four ears?) The sense of sound localisation has been long in abeyance: we are trained to point sound, a convention as productively constricting as the linearity of print. Stereo will become more valuable as its craftsmen learn to use its freedoms creatively as well as imitatively; but perhaps *The Tempest* is too sombre a play for such flightiness.

Lunatic and Lover (Radio 3) Michael Meyer's sharp, detached evocation of Strindberg's elaborately obsessive torments, was well served by Alan Badel and Sian Phillips. If masochism were an Olympic event, Strindberg would have been thigh-deep in gold, getting his plays reviewed by the father of his wife's lesbian lover, finding a succession of demonic women, or turning complacent ones (' "Will you have a little child by me?" he asked. I curtseyed and answered "Yes, thank you" ') into carnivores.

Elected Friends (Radio 3; written by Andrew Motion and Anne Stevenson, produced by Fraser Steel) dramatised the peculiarly happy encounter of Robert Frost and Edward Thomas, at the moment when the latter, exhausted and disheartened, needed a delicate nudge to switch him from a minor prose writer to a major poet. Not a topic of burning urgency, but the perfect balance of contrasted accents, of narrative and quotation, made a persuasive and luminous thesis.

One of the brightest moments was the unscheduled delight of a Saki short shory, *The Chant*, read on Radio 3 to fill in a gap; the words glittered with a more brilliant precision than they ever could on the page: whether the violinist victim of an outraged chef died 'from drowning by soup, or the shock to his professional vanity, or was scalded to death, the doctors were never able to decide'. Thank you.

Music

Andrew Clements

High Fidelity

Collegium Aureum *Royal Festival Hall*
Concentus Musicus of Vienna *Queen Elizabeth Hall/Radio 3*

This year the English Bach Festival returned to Bach. Specialities such as Spanish music and the avant garde were confined to a single concert each, and the focus switched to the baroque. In her splendidly idiosyncratic planning Lina Lalandi has always included the cream of Continental ensembles, frequently providing London audiences with the only opportunities to hear those which give 'authentic' performances. Collegium Aureum are the all-purpose authentic group. Led from the violin by Franzjosef Maier, their London debut at last year's EBF was in a programme of Bach – unremarkable performances much like the small-scale work familiar from a number of British chamber orchestras. This year, in a concert outside the Festival's usual territory, they played Beethoven – the Triple Concerto and the *Eroica* Symphony. Although I suspect the centre of gravity of their repertoire lies between these extremes, it's certainly nearer Beethoven than Bach. All the instruments are 18th-century originals or faithful copies, but they number around 30 and produce a surprisingly modern sound, rather luxuriant for baroque playing. In Beethoven, however, the result is keenly analytical: textures are transparent and rhythms can be more sharply pointed; the problem of balancing wind solos against the string section of the modern symphony orchestra disappears. Usually in the Triple Concerto there is the added difficulty of balancing the solo group to prevent everything being swamped by the piano: using a fortepiano (in this case an 1823 Broadwood grand) alters the perspective, and accompaniments truly become backgrounds – the concerto's roots in the 18th-century *sinfonia concertante* are emphasised. Some insecure solo playing and wayward rhythm spoilt this performance but in the *Eroica* brisk tempi coupled with limpid part playing gave some idea of the effect of Beethoven's gigantic symphonic conception on contemporary orchestras, extending their resources to the very limit of feasibility. Nevertheless, I have doubts about Collegium Aureum's approach. The fine detail of their performances seems stubbornly modern – vibrato, phrasing and the lack of portamento are exactly what one would expect from any present-day group. Is there no evidence on the way these things were done in Beethoven's day?

There has been plenty of research on the conventions of baroque performance; Nikolaus Harnoncourt's Concentus Musicus was one of the first ensembles to apply this research, nearly a quarter of century ago They have remained pre-eminent among groups specialising in the high baroque, but astonishingly their two concerts for the EBF were their first London appearances, perhaps a reflection of how little notice has been taken of authentic performances until recently in Britain. Playing on fully documented instruments of the late 17th century and rarely using more than one player per part, their sound is wonderfully fresh and virile, 12 musicians of an extremely high level of accomplishment. Their programmes consisted of Bach, Couperin and Rameau the numbers of players varied carefully according to the work, with the flautist and oboists doubling recorders as required in the French repertoire. Although every element of Concentus Musicus's interpretations is quite obviously deeply considered and very carefully rehearsed, the ebullience of their performances is quite captivating, breaking the stiff formality of many baroque concerts by introducing the movements of Couperin's *Apothéose de Lully* from the platform and conveying through all that they played such enthusiasm for the music that it would have convinced even those listeners who think that, except for Bach and Handel, music began with Haydn.

The second concert, broadcast live on Radio 3, did not seem to reach quite the same level as the first, but this could have been due to the BBC's very close balance making the sound rather thick and unsubtle Still, the distinction of the players came through: surely their visit will become a annual event.

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Weekend Competition

No 2462 **Set by Noah**

As Russell Davies pointed out in the NS recently, many modern poets have also been copywriters. So let's have Trollope on menthol cigarettes, Johnson on the bright-lights taste of Cinzano, etc. Prose only, please; maximum 200 words, by 20 May.

Result of No 2459
Set by Maud Gracechurch

What, we asked, was the logical, or at any rate the fantastical, conclusion of the Frost-Nixon interviews? Harty and de Sade, for example.

Report **by Spiro Keats**

Little Keith, you'll be delighted to hear, has been reading a lot of Emily Dickinson lately, with a plaintive look in his eye, and tugging brokenly at the Editor's sleeve; not long to wait, for those of you who care. This week you were reasonably inventive, though seemed more concerned with slanging your fireside hates than with working out a productive conjunction of host and guest. Still, thank God for the regulars, I say. A blue one to each of them.

DEREK NIMMO: And now the first and most famous of all Beauty Queens . . . the face that launched a thousand ships . . . fabulous HELEN OF TROY. Lovely to see you, Helen. Tell me, was it really true about all those ships?

HELEN: Well actually, Derek, I did launch one, once, but I think my press agent stuck on a few noughts.

D.N.: Oh-oh-oh, I *am* surprised at him. Now let's see – you come from a very distinguished family, don't you?

H.: You can say that again.

D.N.: Your father, Zeus, met your mother, Leda, while swan-upping. You yourself married the famous Menelaus. I guess that was the secret dream of all you young Grecian girls: 'One day the right men'll lay us.' Then you had that affair with Paris. You see, I've done my Homer-work. By the way, I'm sure viewers will want to know how you keep so beautifully slim.

H.: I joined the Troy Weight Watchers.

D.N.: (*to camera*) As witty as she's lovely, isn't she? Now, Helen, tell us about those Topless Towers of Ilium. . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

HARRY CARPENTER: I understand this was something of a needle match?

GOLIATH: Yeah, well, Harry, there was a bit of aggro like, on account of him being a little Israelite prat. Know what I mean?

H.C.: You've been called a dirty fighter in the past; what's your reaction to this?

G.: Well, you'd better ask my manager about that, Harry; I just get in there and slash with me sword.

H.C.: You're not concerned with the artistic aspects of the fight game?

G.: Bloody Philistine 'en't I?

H.C.: And what did you think of the Israelites choosing a smaller man to take you on?

G.: If you ask me, Harry, they were all making bets on the side – crafty buggers!

H.C.: And what do *you* think about David's giving you a couple of stone?

G.: Didn't you see the fight, Harry? He give *me* a stone.

TIM HOPKINS

ROBIN DAY: Many commentators have suggested, Your Majesty, that this Charter, this so-called Great Charter, is a sign of weakness on your part and not a considered act of policy at all.

KING JOHN: Oh, they have, have they?

D.: Yes.

J.: Well?

D.: So what do you say about that?

J.: What do you expect me to say?

D.: My question was intended to be hostile.

J.: Yes, I realised that.

D.: You see, statesmen of your stature generally deny my more hostile implications. I can think of one chap who'd certainly have claimed, if he was in your shoes, that he'd drafted most of the Charter in his own hand before he ever came to the throne.

J.: Why ever would he want to do that if it's palpably untrue?

D.: Oh, so it's untrue is it? You didn't want the Charter then?

J.: No, of course I bloody well didn't! It was forced on me.

D.: So what are you going to do about it?

J.: (*scans large piece of paper*) You're not a baron, are you?

D.: No, Your Majesty.

J.: I think I'll have your eyes put out.

JONATHAN SLEIGH

ANGELA RIPPON: I'd like to move on now, Your Majesty. Let me put this question to you, if I may: do you believe that the sudden appearance of the Bethlehem Supernova indicates, as some people are predicting, that major social changes are in prospect?

KING HEROD: Frankly, I think the media are making too much of that. Personally I feel that, as far as the vast majority of the population are concerned, changes in attitudes will be minimal.

A.R.: And the recent Royal Visits? Do you see any special significance in those?

K.H.: There again I feel there has been considerable exaggeration. The three Heads of State you are no doubt referring to happened to be passing through Galilee on their way to the FAMEC Conference.

A.R.: FAMEC?

K.H.: The Frankincense and Myrrh Exporting Countries.

A.R.: I see. And the recent activities of the Child Welfare Officers? Coincidental also?

K.H.: Purely coincidental. I had been feeling for some time past that the Family Planning Programme needed reinvigoration.

A.R.: And the measures proved effective?

K.H.: Yes indeed. The infant mortality figures speak for themselves.

PETER PETERSON

Tony Miles
Chess

No. 32 **Boris Spassky**

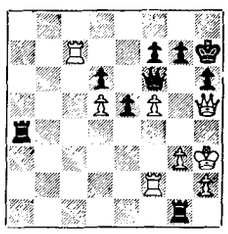
The last of the first round candidates' matches has finally been completed and the semi-final pairings are Spassky (USSR) v. Portisch (Hungary) and Korchnoy (stateless) v. Polugaevsky (USSR). Spassky, after losing his world title to Fischer in 1972 was beaten 4-1 by Karpov at the semi-final stage of the previous candidates' series, finished half way down the Manila Interzonal tournament last year, and only qualified for a place in these matches because of Fischer's non-participation.

However he remains one of the finest players in the world particularly in complicated open positions. Witness the following game where he outplays Hort effortlessly from a bad position.

White: B. Spassky. **Black: V. Hort.**

1. P-QB4, P-K4; 2. N-QB3, N-QB3; 3. P-KN3, P-KN3; 4. B-N2, B-N2; 5. P-K3, P-Q3; 6. KN-K2, P-B4. 6. . . . B-K3 is met by 7. P-Q4 and if . . . B x P; 8. P-Q5, B x N; 9. Q x B, N-N1; 10. Q-N5ch with advantage, but **8.** . . . N-B3, . . . N-K2 and . . . P-KR4!? are reasonable alternatives. **7. P-Q4.** I prefer 7. P-Q3 followed by R-QN1 and P-QN4-N5 retaining control of the KR1-QR8 diagonal. **7.** . . . **P-K5; 8. P-QN4, N-B3.** Not 8. . . . N x NP; 9. QR4ch. **9. R-QN1, N-K2, 10. P-B3.** I distrust this handling of the opening – white is left with a backward KP and it is difficult for him to create active play — but black was threatening 10. . . . P-Q4. **10.** . . . **P x P; 11. B x P, 0-0; 12. 0-0, K-R1; 13. P-N5, N(K2)-N1; 14. N-B4, B-K1; 15. R-N2.** An original idea, intending to transfer the R to the K side via the open second rank. **15.** . . . **N-R3; 16. B-N2, N-B2.** Intending 17. . . . N-N4 when the weakness of W's K4 square would become significant. **17. KN-Q5, N x N; 18. B x N, Q-Q2.** If 18. . . . N-N4; 19. P-KR4, N-K3 (. . . N-K5 now would give white the KB file); 20. R-R2 threatening P-R5. **19. B-N2, N-N4; 20. P-KR4, N-K3; 21. P-N4?** Instead 21. P-R5 is strong e.g. 21. . . . N-N4? 22. P-K4! N x P; 23. N x N, P x N; 24. P-R6, B-B1; 25. R(2)-KB2 with a dangerous attack. The text is apparently an oversight, losing a pawn, but produces the sort of messy open position which Spassky handles superbly. **21.** . . . **P x P; 22. Q x P, N x P! 23. Q x Q, B x Q; 24. P x N, B x Pch; 25. R(2)-B2! B x N; 26. B x P, QR-N1; 27. R-B7, B-Q5ch; 28. K-R2, B-KB4.** The attempt to win a second pawn by 28. . . . B x P allows 29. P x B, R x B; **30. B-R6** and if 30. . . . R-KN1; 31. R-Q7 followed by 32. R(1)-B7. **29. R x BP, R-K7ch; 30. K-N3, R x P; 31. B-B4.** Somehow, from this point on, material considerations become insignificant as by simple, almost obvious, moves Spassky's pieces take over the board. **31.** . . . **R-Q1; 32. B-Q5, P-KR4; 33. R-K7, P-R4; 34. P x Pep, R x P; 35. B-N5, R-QN1?** 35. . . . R-R6ch was better. Now white seizes the opportunity to give up his least useful piece thus mobilising his King and leaving him effectively with four very active fighting units to black's three scattered defenders. This, combined with Hort's time shortage, is decisive. **36. R x Bl P x R; 37. K-B4, R-KB1; 38. B-R6, R-KN1; 39. K x P, R-N8; 40. B-N5** and black lost on time. White threatens K-N6 and if 40. . . . R-R2; 41. B-N7, R-R4ch; 42. K-N6, R-K4; 43. R-R7ch, K-N1; 44. B-Q5ch, R x B; 45. P x R with a winning position.

Problem 32:
Black to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 18 May.



Final Result of Study Tourney

The cookhunters had six months to do their damnedest (see my column in the NEW STATESMAN dated 17 September last), and two awards have been invalidated. One is S. T. Sahasrabudhe's sixth prize, cooked by 7) Bf4: in lieu of Bh4:. It was A. Koranyi (Hungarian award-winner) who discovered it. The other victim is T. Baleman's pretty piece which was awarded a commendation. Even before the Dutch author himself had found the flaw Timothy Whitworth and William Lemmey (master and 6th-former at King's College, Taunton) notified us that after 1) Ktg6 Black can win by . . . Ktd5+; 2) Ka2, Bb2!; with mate to follow. But the piece can be cured by putting the Black K on c4 rather than c2 in the basic position. My personal prize for the 'best cook' (£5) will be shared by Whitworth and Lemmey. My other fiver for the 'best newcomer' was to go to India for Sahasrabudhe's brilliant piece so sadly invalidated (and not yet cured). It will now go to H. Osadnik, Polish winner of the third prize who, however well known among his colleagues, is believed to be a newcomer to a formal international award.

The cheques will go out within a week or two.

ASSIAC

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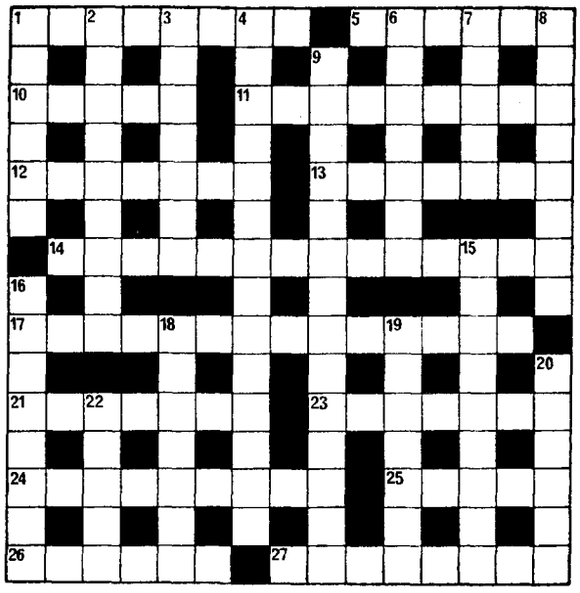
Weekend Crossword 1214

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1214, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 17 May.



ACROSS

1. 'My precious Lily! My —— kitten!' (Carroll) (8).
5. Poles give backing to a fellow in deep water (6).
10. Bad weather makes one lose one's temper (5).
11. Artist among potters mixing on the ground (9).
12. Rival making a bird unpunctual (7).
13. Hard substance formed by insect on man (7).
14. In a different climate ran race for transatlantic area (7, 7).
17. Loud and untruthful wife and her husband appear in opera (6, 8).
21. Small room seen in the French window (7).
23. False story about racing motorist making a comeback, being active (7).
24. The assembly has to study swearing about nothing (9).
25. Angry, that is, about a deserter (5).
26. Drunk as fruit may be (6).
27. It helps one to see, for example, about you and a girl (8).

DOWN

1. Conformist part of body? (6).
2. Lavishly distributes four in the footnote on a city (9).
3. The role of an animal in defence (7).
4. Stairs in the market? (6, 3, 5).
6. Fertiliser which gives an egg value (7).
7. She needs a help up (5).
8. It is eerie when the rest clap wildly (8).
9. Soldiers who initially are the same as artists (5, 9).
15. 'His —— adjusted her garter' (Flanders) (9).
16. Distresses a learner if facts are given incorrectly (8).
18. Unpleasant but a change of heart could produce a return of feeling (7).
19. This singer's performance brings the sound of a hostile audience (7).
20. Fades away although they are named after rocks (6).
22. Dance which makes healthy look disappear (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1212

Prizewinners to No 1212

M. S. Prabhakar (Bombay)
Mrs G. Sayers (Guildford)
D. R. Allen (London N12)

APPOINTMENTS

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF LESOTHO

Applications are invited for (a) SENIOR LECTURESHIP or (b) LECTURESHIP IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

in Department of Government and Administration Candidates should wish to teach the theory and practice of Public Administration, with special reference to developing countries. There are opportunities for research, publications and consultancy. It is hoped that the appointee, who must have at least a Master's degree in this field, and ideally some practical experience in administration, will take up this post in August 1977. The appointment will be on permanent and pensionable terms or on contract for limited periods, normally for two to four years, in the first instance. Secondment from another University would also be welcomed.

Salary scales (currently under review): (a) R5,064 - R6,324 p.a. (b) R3,924 - R5,376 p.a. (£1 sterling = R1.49). The British Government may supplement salary in range £1,644 - £2,454 p.a. (sterling) for married appointee or £864 - £1,650 p.a. (sterling) for single appointee (normally free of all tax and usually reviewed annually) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Non-contributory superannuation for appointees on permanent terms of service. Appointees on contract terms receive 25% gratuity in lieu of superannuation for the first two years of the contract, rising to 27.5% and 30% for each subsequent and similar period of service. There is a 15% inducement allowance for expatriates not qualifying for any supplementation scheme. Accommodation is available at reasonable rentals. Passages and baggage entitlement on first appointment, and normal termination for appointee, wife and dependent children under the age of 21. Education allowance for expatriates. Vacation and study leave.

Detailed applications (3 copies) including a full curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of three referees should be sent, by airmail, not later than 26 May 1977 to the Administrative Assistant (Appointments), National University of Lesotho, P.O. Roma, Lesotho. Applicants resident in the U.K. should also send 1 copy to the Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

RESEARCH SCHOOL OF PACIFIC STUDIES

PROFESSORIAL FELLOW IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Applications are invited for the position of Professorial Fellow in the Department of International Relations. The department is concerned with world politics at large, Asian and Pacific international politics, and Australian foreign and defence policy. Three areas of interest which it is hoped to develop are international theory, strategic studies, and international political economy. Applications are invited from people specialising in any of the fields mentioned. Further information may be had from the Academic Registrar or from Professor J. D. B. Miller (Head of the Department) in the University.

Closing date: 31 May 1977

SALARY: Salary as Professorial Fellow is $A27,832 per annum. Current exchange rates are $A1: 63p: $US 1.09

OTHER CONDITIONS — Tenure: Professorial Fellow to retiring age (65 years).

Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra. Superannuation is available (where applicable).

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should apply to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF for further particulars before applying.

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES — JAMAICA

Applications are invited for the post of

DIRECTOR IN THE INSTITUTE OF MASS COMMUNICATION

It is expected that the Director will have experience in University teaching and preferably also a postgraduate degree and/or research experience in communication. Professional media experience is essential as the Director will have overall responsibility for a production unit. The Director should be competent to teach communication theory and/or media production courses. Interest and experience in the application of communication to development problems would be desirable. The Director's interest should reflect broad, interdisciplinary understanding of communication, including mass and interpersonal communication.

Salary Scale: Director: (Range) J$15,966 - 19,767 p.a. (£1 sterling = J$1.56). FSSU Study and Travel Grant. Unfurnished accommodation will be let by the University at a rental of 10% of salary, or a housing allowance of 20% of salary will be paid. Family passages.

Detailed applications (three copies) giving full particulars of qualifications and experience, date of birth, marital status and names and addresses of three referees should be sent to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica. Further particulars of the post are available from the same source or from the Inter-University Council, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT.

UNIVERSITY OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA (PORT MORESBY)

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL OR ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES

The University of Papua New Guinea requires an established Scholar to occupy the Chair of the Department of Political and Administrative Studies. The Department presently consists of one associate professor, one senior lecturer, and four lecturers. Courses are offered at all undergraduate levels in the fields of Papua New Guinea and Pacific Politics, Public Administration, Political Economy of New States, Political Theory and International Relations. In addition, the Department contributes to teaching interdisciplinary Foundation courses for first year Arts undergraduates. A modest graduate programme is maintained. The appointee should be well qualified in any field of politics or public administration, but interests and experience in new states would be a decided advantage. As well as teaching appropriate courses in his/her field(s), he/she would be expected, along with other members of staff, to contribute to Foundation Year teaching, to provide intellectual leadership within the Department and to promote interdisciplinary studies. The Professor of Political or Administrative Studies assumes special responsibility for the academic progress of Teaching Fellows and their training to become national academics. The day-to-day administration of the Department is in the hands of a Chairman elected by the members of the Department.

Salary: K19,709 p.a. (£1 sterling = K1.38). In addition, an allowance of K1,300 p.a. if single is payable. An extra K1,000 Marriage Allowance and K156 per child. Child Allowance may also be payable. Applications should include detailed curriculum vitae, a recent small photograph and the names and addresses of three referees. Conditions include provision of housing, annual leave fares, study leave and FSSU superannuation. In some cases it may be possible to make an appointment on secondment.

Further details and the conditions of appointment are available from the Secretary, Box 4820, University PO, Papua New Guinea, with whom applications close on 30 July 1977. Applicants resident in UK should send 1 copy of their application to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The National Union of Bank Employees

has a vacancy for a suitably qualified applicant to assist the Union's Research Officer. The work will involve the maintenance and preparation of research data on Banking and other related conditions of employment, preparation of arbitration cases and study papers for the Union's principal Committees. Formal qualifications not essential but a knowledge of Trade Union work and/or Industrial Relations would be an advantage.

Commencing salary £3,343 p.a. 20 working days holiday per year and good conditions of service.

Applications giving full details of age, qualifications and career to date, should be submitted to **NUBE, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey KT10 9BH, not later than 16 May 1977.**

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THE CITY UNIVERSITY

Centre for Arts and Related Studies

LECTURER IN MUSIC

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer for the new B.Sc. Honours Degree Course in Music offered by the Centre.

The course is about to enter its third year and a conductor/composer with some teaching experience is now required to teach composition, orchestration and conducting as well as offering lectures in the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods relating them to present day musical developments.

Candidates should have a good honours degree in music: a post-graduate qualification would be an advantage.

The successful candidate will work closely with the Head of Music in organising and running the course as well as the general musical activities of the University.

The appointment will be made towards the lower end of the scale £3,355 - £6,655 p.a. plus £450 London Allowance.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Deputy Academic Registrar, The City University, St John Street, London EC1V 4BP.

Tel.: 01-253 4399 ext. 338.

Please quote ref. CA/182/NSt.

Closing date for applications: 17 June 1977.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

required in the Salaries Department of the

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS IN FURTHER & HIGHER EDUCATION

Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BH.

Salary on Local Government Scales AP III/IV from £2,922 to £3,702 p.a. plus £312 supplement plus £435 London Allowance, and starting point will be determined according to experience and qualifications of the successful applicant.

Applicants should preferably, but not necessarily, hold a degree or equivalent qualification or have experience in educational administration.

Further details and application form (returnable by 23 May 1977) from the General Secretary, (Tel. 01-387 6806 Ext. 6)

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

Whitstone Head School

Whitstone, Holsworthy, Devon (but actually in Cornwall, nearer Bude) is a D.E.S. recognised Residential Special School for 32 maladjusted 10-17-year-old boys and girls governed by an independent Charitable Trust.

In Summer 1978 our Deputy Head and his wife, who are also jointly in charge of the 10 girls' boarding unit, plan to move out of the school bungalow which they necessarily occupy in the latter role into a house of their own which they have bought locally. To replace them we are looking for a responsible couple of whom one at least, should be a qualified and relevantly experienced teacher (preferably of **MATHS**), upon whom the **DEPUTY HEADSHIP** should devolve in 1979.

Combined salaries should initially amount to over £5,000 with no deduction for house, heating or lighting.

Write to John Ridger or 'phone Week St Mary 251.

BBC

HINDI PROGRAMME ORGANISER

To plan, organise, and exercise day to day editorial responsibility over a wide range of programmes in Hindi and other output to South Asia, to stimulate programme ideas and production standards and to control and co-ordinate staff concerned with the translation and broadcasting of news and comment and with building magazine and feature programmes.

Qualifications: Informed interest in international affairs, with particular reference to South Asia and ability to interpret British institutions and life to an overseas audience. News sense and proven organising ability. Imagination, tact and good educational background. Ability to work under pressure. Experience in planning and production of broadcast programmes, or as a writer or journalist, highly desirable. Recent first-hand experience of South Asia and knowledge of Hindi desirable.

Salary: £5,595 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £252 to max. £7,107 p.a. plus continuing unconsolidated allowance £234 p.a. and appropriate Pay Supplement.

Write or telephone immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, quoting reference 77.G.203 (N.S.) for application form to Appointees Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

BBC

requires a

PRODUCER

for the

AFRICAN SERVICE

To work on programmes for English - speaking audiences throughout Africa. These include daily current affairs magazine programmes and weekly talks and feature programmes on a wide variety of subjects. The Producer will work as a member of a current affairs or magazine team, with a Senior Producer in charge, and will carry individual responsibility for particular specialised programmes.

Experience of radio production techniques or experience of writing or journalism together with a lively mind and direct experience of Africa (or proven interest) essential. Degree (or equivalent) and previous experience of interviewing desirable.

Salary: £4,341 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by annual increments of £168 and progressing after two years' satisfactory service to £4,875 p.a. x £198 to £5,706 p.a. plus continuing unconsolidated allowance of £234 p.a. and appropriate Pay Supplement.

Telephone or write immediately, enclosing addressed envelope, for application form quoting reference 77.G.209 (N.S.) to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

PROJECT HAND SEEKS MANAGER/ESS for new shop in Covent Garden selling craft from developing countries. Experience in selling and an interest in handicraft are essential. Salary negotiable. Full/part-time applicants considered. Phone Ed Millard on 01-836 5051.

SOUTH CAMDEN COMMUNITY HEALTH Council. We need someone who can help and advise people who come to our information shop. Previous experience of the NHS not essential, but applicants must be shorthand typists and be prepared to help with all general office duties. Salary on scale from app. £2,700 per annum according to age and experience. Application form from Secretary, 114 Hampstead Road, NW1.

Ad Dastour

the Arabic weekly news magazine

Ad Dastour magazine is being launched from new offices in London during late June, after seven years of successful publishing from Beirut. The following vacancies exist for male or female staff to work in pleasant air conditioned offices off Kensington Church Street:

Subscriptions and Distribution

A capable administrator is required to promote and administer subscriptions and supervise distribution. Might suit a first class secretary seeking a responsible post. Salary around £3,500.

Information department

Two information/research assistants are required to maintain information and photographic library. One post must be filled by a person with fluent knowledge of Arabic, though the other is open to a non-Arabic speaking person. Salaries around £4,500.

Secretaries

Two capable secretaries/personal assistants are required for the Editor/Managing Director and the Advertisement Manager. Salaries around £3,500.

Accounts department

A chief accountant and junior are required to be responsible for the company's account, invoicing and salaries. Salaries in the region of £5,000 and £3,500 respectively.

Applicants must be prepared to work as a team in this newly established company. Candidates should apply in writing giving a comprehensive CV and salary required. Please state clearly for which vacancy you wish to be considered. Successful applicants will be required to start work in mid-June.

Applications should be sent to Mr Louis Eaks, The Main Event Limited, 23 Linton House, 11 Holland Park Avenue, London W11.

NATIONAL UNION OF MINEWORKERS

Graduates or equivalent required as Assistant Head of Social Insurance Department, or Assistant to Head of Industrial Relations Department of the National Union of Mineworkers.

Commencing Salary over £4,000 per annum.

Subsidised Travel. Four Weeks Annual Holiday. Nine Statutory Holidays. Contributory Superannuation Scheme.

Applications in writing, stating Age, Qualifications and Experience to:

Personnel Department (Ref.: SI IR 252),
National Union of Mineworkers,
222 Euston Road,
LONDON NW1 2BX.

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NATIONAL UNION OF AGRICULTURAL and Allied Workers requires Secretaries/ Shorthand and Audio Typists. Near Kings Cross. Salary £40-£45 p.w. Phone 01-278 7801 (Anne Hock) or write to her at 308 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DS.

LATIN AMERICA Archive seeking full/part-time staff for subject indexing, research and other work on current social, political and economic developments, Spanish/Portuguese required. Normal salary £2,500 to £3,000. Send c.v. & two references, or ask further information: CALA, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 (Tel: 487 5277).

TIME-LIFE BOOKS needs a skilled text Editor. Must have writing experience and be able to re-organise and revise copy. Salary negotiable. Send curriculum vitae to Krystyna Davidson, Time-Life Books, Time-Life Building, New Bond St., London W1.

INTER-ACTION, a co-operative community arts trust, seeks treasurer, preferably with accounting or similar qualifications. A challenging job, administering over 20 community/arts projects including City Farm 1 and The Almost Free Theatre. The Treasurer will also work in Inter-Action's Advisory Service as a consultant to community-based groups. Further information: Bruce Galley, Inter-Action, 54-90 Prince of Wales Road, London NW5; phone: 485 0881.

SECONDHAND bookseller in West End requires office worker. Invoicing, filing and general duties, must be good typist. 10-6, five day week, three weeks holiday. Starting £2,500 p.a. Apply: Piccadilly Rare Books, 31 Sackville Street, W1.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street. W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

METCALFE STUDENTSHIP FOR WOMEN

Applications are invited for the METCALFE STUDENTSHIP FOR WOMEN, which is of the value of not less than £120 and not more than £500 in the case of a full-time student and not less than £60 in the case of a part-time student, tenable for one year in the first instance. Candidates in the first instance.

Candidates must be graduates of a University ofthe United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application.

Applications, on a prescribed form must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London WC1E 7HU (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 1 November 1977.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN

SSRC STUDENTSHIPS

The University of Aberdeen invites applications from suitably qualified graduates with good Honours degrees for SSRC two-year quota awards tenable from October 1977 for research training in the following departments:

Economic History (1); Institute for the Study of Sparsely Populated Areas (1); Geography (3); Political Economy (1); Politics (3); Sociology (2).

Persons wishing to be considered for nomination to these awards should communicate as soon as possible with the head of the department concerned, King's College, Aberdeen. For the studentship in Political Economy it is desirable but not essential that applicants should be prepared to carry out research in Labour Regional, Natural Resource or Environmental Economics.

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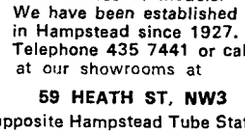

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Meetings

INTERNATIONAL PLANNING GROUP to conduct tour of Docklands and Greenbelt. The problems and achievements of metropolitan London will be studied in an intensive coach tour of South East London, on Saturday 14 May 1977. Start and return in Central London. Fee includes lunch with wine, morning coffee and afternoon tea in a countryside village. Applications to: The Secretary, Greenwich Institute, 121 Royal Hill, London SE10 8SS. Fee: £23.70 per person, inclusive. Duration: Nine hours. Please include £10 deposit per person.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Laski and British Socialism' will be given by Professor W. H. Greenleaf (University College of Swansea) at Queen Mary College, Drapers Lecture Theatre, Mile End Road, London E1 at 5.30 p.m. on 12 May 1977. *Admission free, without ticket.* Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Bishops and Heretics in the Fourth Century' will be given by The Very Reverend Dr Henry Chadwick (Dean, Christ Church, Oxford) at The School of Oriental and African Studies, (G.58), Malet Street, London, WC1 at 5 p.m. on 10 May 1977. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Vienna Decides for War, July 1914: Or Fritz Fischer Reconsidered' will be given by Professor Samuel R. Williamson (University of North Carolina) at King's College, New Theatre, 2B18, Strand, London WC2 at 5.15 p.m. on 10 May 1977. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of Two lectures in Linguistics will be given by Professor Dr H. Gipper (Westfallsche Wilhelms-Universitat). *Lecture 1:* 'Is There a Principle of Relativity? On the Verification of the Sapir-Whorf-Hypothesis' will be given on 10 May 1977, and Lecture 2: 'Evolutive Grammar, or: How to Become a Competent Speaker of a Language' will be given on 11 May 1977. Both lectures will be given at 5.30 p.m. at University College, Engineering Lecture Theatre, Torrington Place, London WC1. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

URBAN ECONOMICS CONFERENCE. 12-15 July, Keele University. Inner City Problems, Third World Urbanisation, Local Government Expenditure, Planning in Socialist Countries. Details: M. Metcalfe, CES. 62 Chandos Place, London WC2N 4HH.

THE HISTORY & IMPORTANCE of the Fabian Society. Dame Margaret Cole. Sat. 28 May at 11 a.m. Assembly Hall, Westminster Central Hall, London SW1. 50p. Open to all.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 7 May 3 p.m. 'Tea Party', tickets 50p. Tues. 10 May 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed 11 May 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture 'Buddhist Kempo – Principles and Practice' – Rev. Terry Dukes. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

Metropolitan
ANTHONY BLOOM
will give the Annual Lecture for
WESTMINSTER PASTORAL FOUNDATION
on Wed. 11 May at 7.30 p.m.
in St Margaret's Westminster
Admission Free. Collection.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY Mary Tyler on 'A View of India', 11 May 7.30 p.m. 62 Marchmont Street, WC1. All welcome. Collection.

THEOSOPHY. H. P. Blavaysky Commemoration. 'White Lotus Day' Sunday 8 May 8 p.m. S.a.e. free pamphlet, book list. ULT 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Entertainments

A POETRY READING BY DANNIE ABSE to be held at the Lyttelton Theatre (N.T.) on Friday 6 May at 6 p.m. to mark the publications of his poems. (Hutchinson)

FILMS FROM THE COMMONWEALTH. 'Evolution', an animated short of 10 minutes, based on Darwin's concept of evolution and 'Mon Oncle Antoine', the story of Benoit, a 14 year old boy living in a small Quebec asbestos mining community. 50p members, 75p non-members. 6.30 p.m Wednesday 11 May. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2 930 6733.

Courses

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PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE: 8 week Course by Amnesty International, Mondays 6-7.30 p.m. from 9 May. Day conference on 'Conflict & Under-development in the Third World', Sat. 14 May 11 a.m. - 6.30 p.m. City Lit Centre for Adult Studies, Stukeley St, Drury Lane, WC2. 01-242 9872.

PORTUGUESE: qualified and experienced Portuguese teacher for groups or private lessons. Please write to: Miss L. Soares, 18a Lime Grove, London W12.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

ARBOURS TRAINING PROGRAMME for Psychotherapists. A new course starts Sept. '77. Write for further details to: Arbours Training Committee, 55 Dartmouth Park Road, NW5, enclosing a 9" x 3" s.a.e.

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Write to,
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